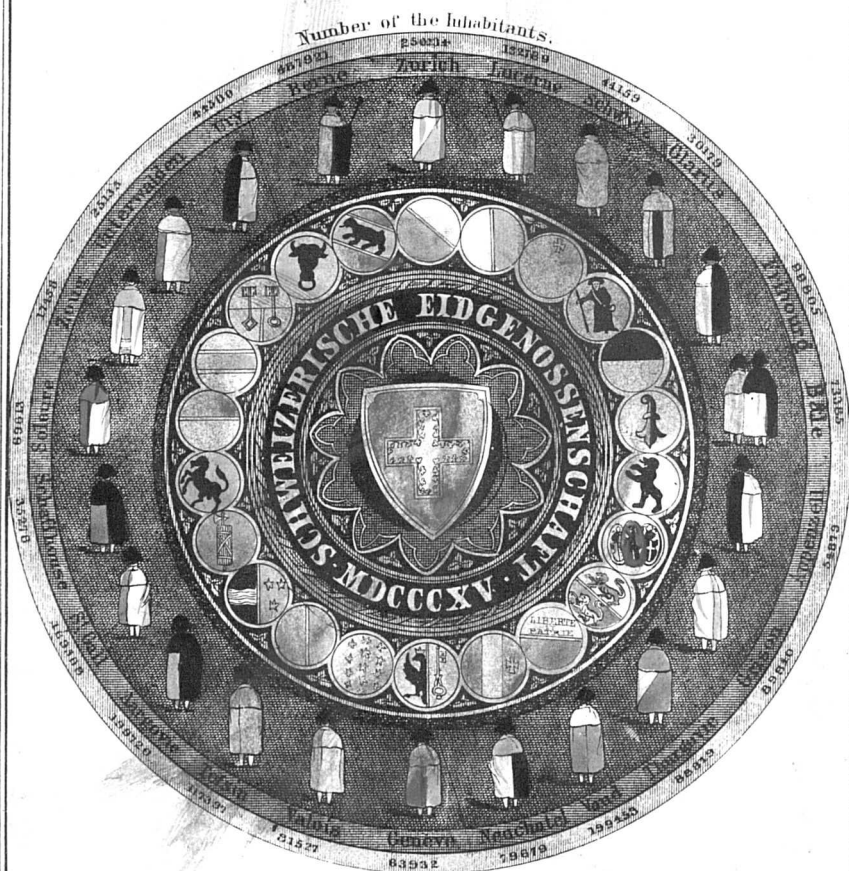


THE
COTTAGES OF THE ALPS.

LONDON:

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

THE GREAT SEAL
OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION
AND THE COSTUME OF THE
LAND WEIBEL
Of the 22 Cantons.



THE
COTTAGES OF THE ALPS :

OR,

Life and Manners in Switzerland.

BY A LADY.

[Johnson, Anna C.]

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON :
SAMPSON LOW, SON & CO. 47, LUDGATE HILL.
1860.

Rh 191/1



68/127

TO
MADAM DORA D'ISTRIA

These Volumes are inscribed

IN TESTIMONY
OF THE FRIENDSHIP OF

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

WHILE the independence of Switzerland, so often assailed, yet so long providentially maintained, appears to be again threatened by the advances of a powerful neighbour, it is hoped that a picture of the social and political life of the Swiss people, from recent personal observation, may not be unacceptable to the English people who have evinced so warm an interest in the events now passing in Southern Europe.

The name upon our dedicatory page may not be familiar to our readers; and as we have placed it there for the purpose of making known to them the life and works of a woman who is becoming a bright and shining light amid the darkness of Eastern despotism, it is due that we say a few words to prove her title to the slight tribute we thus pay her, and her claim to the attention of the English public.

She is an Eastern princess of the ancient and noble family of Ghika. Her ancestors originated in Macedonia, and emigrated centuries ago to Wallachia, where since 1658 they have been the family from which the *Hospodars* have been mainly elected, under the Ottoman rule, and characterised always by bravery, intrepidity, and love of liberty.

Wallachia is one of the Danubian principalities which have been so long the object of strife between Russia, Austria, and Turkey; and the Ghikas are the indomitable native princes who have resisted them, and rebelled against their tyranny, unto death.

After the first Russian occupation, Gregory Ghika the Seventh was the restorer of the throne of Wallachia, and the resuscitator of their beloved Roumanic language and literature. He instituted many reforms, relieved the country of a debt which had weighed upon it for a century, and formed a plan of national education. But neither Russia nor Austria wished to see revive the Roumaini in their native strength and glory, and contrived to plunge them anew into misfortunes.

From 1828 to 1834 the throne of Bukarest was vacant, and since that period only once have they been ruled by a native prince. This was Alexander Ghika, brother of Gregory, equally noble and equally

unfortunate. This brings us to the princess of our story, Helena Ghika, the niece of these two princes, and daughter of Michael Ghika, a long time "Minister of the Interior" to his brother. She was born on the 22d of January, 1829, and during all her life in the East saw her country struggling, resisting, and conquered, but never subdued. Before the revolution of 1842 her father had removed his family to Dresden to complete their education, and her cousin, Alexander Gregory Ghika, has, in these latter days, commenced the struggle anew to throw off the foreign yoke. One of her books is entitled the "Heroes of Roumaini;" and those who are familiar with the history of her country will understand her enthusiasm for liberty, and love of her people.

But it is owing to the resolution of her father that she should not be nurtured in the supineness which characterises the lives of Eastern ladies, that she received an education which would be considered masculine even in England and America. In her childhood she had an English *bonne*, and at seven years of age was placed under the tutorship of the renowned Professor Papadopoulos, who not only taught her the rich languages of the East, Greek, Latin, and French, but imbued her with

the spirit of the ancient philosophers and heroes, and initiated her into all the learning of the schools.

Her father said, "All the progress of later years in literature was owing to the blending of masculine intelligence and vigour with a proper development of feminine tact and perception. These are continually reacting on each other, so that every new subject is handled with a profound investigation and artistic detail, which leave no room for fallacy. Uneducated women in any country are the dupes of intriguers and the strongest enemies of progress, whether in Church or State; and in every country those who oppose their elevation, by the use of the cant of 'woman's rights' and 'woman's sphere,' and other terms of scorn and ridicule, know very well that while they can be kept floating in saloons, insipid and thoughtless, society will remain corrupt, and the pillars of freedom be continually tottering."

We commend these sentiments of an Eastern prince to the consideration of some of our fellow-countrymen; and we have not forgotten once hearing an American lady in a saloon express the utmost contempt for another, whom she had been invited to meet, and yet to whom she refused to be introduced, because she despised a woman who made literature her study, and was an authoress!—or

another, who said, "A woman who became public in any way was only worthy of contempt." To such ladies we need not present the subject of our story. They will despise her for having voluntarily renounced the "life of saloons," as she herself expresses it, to devote herself to literature and the effort by her pen to do something for the freedom of her beloved country. It will be useless for us to say to such paragons, how beautiful is her daily life, how spotless her character, how noble her enthusiasm, and how severe her labour—she is by these very virtues public, and her name becoming familiar in every tongue.

Her father not only insisted that she should be thoroughly disciplined in mind, but in body; and among various other exercises she was taught to swim, and became so expert that in late years she saved the life of a lady in her family, the instructress of her sister, who fell into the water when no one was near to save her but herself. Music and painting were not neglected, nor an acquaintance with general literature. She speaks and writes Russian, German, Italian, French, and English; and at an exhibition of fine arts in St. Petersburg, obtained the prize for two of her paintings. Her invocations of the Muses have not

been less successful ; and that she is the only person who has ascended the *Mönch*, one of the highest mountains in Switzerland, proves that these graces are not incompatible with energy and heroism.

At the age of twenty years she was married to a Russian prince, Koltzoff Massalsky, a descendant of the old Vikings of Moldavia, who entered Russia in the days of Vladimir in 988, and have never been especially popular with the reigning dynasty. She resided six years at the Russian Court, during which time her health failed, and the influence of a northern climate threatened to sink her into an early grave. Physicians said she must leave or die. The invasion of Wallachia by Russia in 1853 seemed to her a crime, against which she ventured a remonstrance.* This made her unpopular, and her passports were freely given to exile herself in whatever land she chose. She had no children to link her to the land of her adoption, and she went forth to wander, at least till her health should be restored, and it may be for ever, unless oppression should cease, and the peace which can only

* The old Russian party would have preferred to send her to Siberia with two other noble ladies whose crimes were the same, and who are now exiles among the eternal snows, but for some reason the Emperor did not comply with their demands.

be the consequence of justice on the part of the stranger, should be restored between the Empire and the dependent province.

We heard of her everywhere in Switzerland as the quiet, unassuming lady, benevolent to the poor and kindly to all, acting the part of godmother to a peasant's child in a cottage, the beloved of children, sympathizing with all sorrow, and yet living entirely apart from the gay world. The first months of her exile were spent in Ostend, in 1855, and there she published her first book, "*Monastic Life*," which appeared at Brussels. The next year she resided in Canton Tessino, to enjoy the delicious climate on the borders of Lago Maggiore. In quick succession since this period have appeared the volumes entitled severally, *German*, *French*, and *Italian Switzerland*—books which fill a void in literature that, we cannot understand why, has been left so long unfilled. But we are consoled with the thought that no one could have done it better, and it may be well that the task was left to her. Those who would know the history, the heroes, the authors, the reformers, and philanthropists of Switzerland, can find them portrayed nowhere else in their true light, indeed, nowhere else at all except in their own chronicles.

It struck us as a curious coincidence that a lady

should have come from the far east, and another from the far west, to meet in the little republic with the same object, the same opinions, and the same enthusiastic love of liberty, one being born subject of a despot and the other of a free government. We did not succeed in obtaining her books till our own was finished, and when we first heard of them feared we might be upon common ground and one pen rendering the other unnecessary. But we found, without knowing it, that we began just where she had left off, and the end of her books and the beginning of ours could not have been better fitted together had it been done by design. Hers are of the past and ours of the present, and Switzerland must be viewed in both these relations in order to be understood. There are striking resemblances in thought, in facts, and in expression even, but which can only be the result of similarity of views, as we had no knowledge of each other in any way till the works of both were finished.

In her preface to this work she says, "I have travelled through great kingdoms without finding anything to make a noble feeling. There we see only such victories as spiritual tyranny or worldly despotism can exercise over the healthy understanding of men; but you, fruitful plains of Thurgovie,

peaceful valleys of St. Gall, renowned mountains of Appenzell, how different the feelings which you call up! You walk with a fearless step and lift an independent brow to heaven, while the people of the great nations around you still bow their necks to the yoke. You are a free people, and the banner on which glitters the federal star can with just pride wave near the Lion of free, happy England, and the star-spangled banner of unconquerable America."

For these principles she and her books are interdicted in Austria and in Russia, though they come freely into France and Belgium, and also are allowed in Germany. The reviews and journals of the different countries notice her according to their ideas of liberty; her genius and her talent are never gainsaid.* She forbade us to name her titles in our dedication, and though we have given them here in order to explain her life, we forget them always in our intercourse with her, for it is the woman only that we know. She has won for herself a title more

* Besides contributing to journals in Paris, Athens, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, she has written, in these last six years, "The Women of the East;" "The Ionian Isles," under the rule of Venice and British protection; "Nationality of Roumanie;" "The Orientals and the Papacy," &c. &c., which, our readers will see, leaves her little time for saloons.

noble than accident bestowed upon her, like England's noble queen, who immortalises the throne instead of allowing the throne to immortalise her.

We have written of the people of Switzerland as we did of those of Germany, but we cannot say we have described the "peasant life," because there is, legitimately speaking, no such thing in Switzerland. According to the 4th article of their constitution, "All Swiss are equal before the law. There are in Switzerland no subjects; none who enjoy privileges on account of birth, person, or family." Every peasant may look forward to the highest honours in the gift of the republic, if he will make himself worthy of them, and it is the occurrence of every day that the upper ranks are filled by accessions from the lower.

In Germany the mercantile class and mechanics are as far below the nobility as the peasantry are, and their life and occupations come as legitimately within our sphere.

In Switzerland the president and council, the senate and deputies, are also a part of the people, and thus is given us a still wider range, without departing from our subject.

Here the mountains are the castles, and nature constructs all the palaces. In the cities there is

nothing princely, and nothing feudal except the ruins; we shall therefore indulge ourselves in saying whatever we think is new and interesting, whether of high or low. But though a greater experience and an additional language have increased our facilities for observation and study, we do not here, any more than there, confine ourselves to what we can learn by personal effort. What others, with larger acquaintance and better opportunities, have learned, may be more valuable than anything we may collect ourselves, whatever be our fitness or capacity. Of the reliability of these sources, we, of course, must be the judge. We cannot enlarge our book to unwieldy dimensions, or mar our pages with "authorities" and "statistical proofs," which not ten persons among those for whom we write would take the trouble to examine or care to know.

We are influenced by the "spirit of truth," and have no cause of malice or unkindness towards the country we have left, or the one in which we are.

We could transcribe many letters, written voluntarily by German friends, assuring us that our representations have not even the fault of exaggeration.

But we have since heard that many things are not German merely, but *continental*. In Switzerland we have relied wholly upon the people and their own

chronicles. The Swiss are all *chroniclers*, and remarkably faithful in writing of themselves. We have found them always ready to open their stores for our researches, and never manifesting any fear of our pen.

We are particularly indebted to Dr. Prof. Osenbrugg, of Zurich University, for a series of observations made by himself in various tours in Switzerland to see the country and to write about the people. The descriptions of prisons, court trials, and various facts in jurisprudence, were furnished us by him, and we are only sorry that we cannot do justice to the original, in which law and poetry are blended in an unusually happy manner. Dr. Oesterler, of the same city, and the librarian of the Biblioteke, were invaluable assistants in our studies.

The "American Minister Resident," at Berne, furnished us cordially with introductions and special passports, to enable us to travel with profit and pleasure, and we are especially indebted to the firm of "Dalp & Co." for any courtesy to facilitate us in our work.

Whether we travelled alone, or in what sort of company, we do not this time inform the public, as it does not essentially concern them, and we will not subject others to the reproach of the evil-minded

and vulgar, but may say it is no such marvellous thing in these days to travel in any tolerably civilized country. There is sufficient law and sufficient honour among men for the protection of all who need it, and it may be something to the credit of Germans and Swiss that we have never, in a single instance, during three years among them, required more than our own dignity could furnish, and now, as before, can say we have had no experience that has caused us to regret having come among them.

In both books we have only aimed at giving a good general idea of the people. Names and dates, localities and masses of details, only clog the memory, and answer no useful purpose in a book like this. Specialities may be interesting to those who have travelled extensively, but to those who cannot identify each event and scene with the spot where it occurred, by personal observation, it is only tedious to attempt it. Geographies and guide-books are made especially for those who would trace heights and distances with exactness, and there are plenty of authors with a different plan to fill the chasms we have left.

That the portraits of life and manners are faithful, we know, and we have been gratified in reading the letters of two German travellers, editors of a

St. Louis journal, who had been twenty-five years in America, and returned to the fatherland to receive the same impressions as a stranger, from the lack of progress, and the sluggishness of all enterprise, where despots rule, and the comparative sluggishness of everything in the old, time-honoured world.

That our suggestions will be of any use we cannot have the vanity to hope, but there is just now a general awakening throughout the Continent that bids fair to result in promoting the interest of the governed. The day of blind obedience is past, and a tremulous fear has seized the sovereigns of every state, that unless they rule more wisely and beneficently they will soon cease to rule at all. Whether it be kingdom, or empire, or republic, we care not, provided Justice and Mercy sit on the throne and walk hand-in-hand among the people.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
First Impressions—People, past and present—Cars and Diligences—Berne and its Bears—Prisoners—Federal Palace—Promenades—Mountains	1

CHAPTER II.

URI.

Travellers at Fluelen—Description of Villages—Houses—Elections—Grütli—Costumes—Calamities	18
---	----

CHAPTER III.

SCHWYTZ.

Origin of People—Brunnen—Diligence—Hotels—Costumes—Improvements—Einsiedeln—Pilgrims—Legends	39
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

UNTERWALD.

Alpine Pastures—Sennhütten—Cheese-making—Cows and their Bells—Alpine Festivals—Agriculture Fêtes	61
--	----

CHAPTER V.

LUCERNE.

Ancient Laws and Customs—City of Lucerne—Social Life—	PAGE
Ascent of the Rhigi—Ancient Procession—Weddings	82

CHAPTER VI.

ZUG.

Pleasant Custom—Churchyard—First Battle for Freedom—	
Home Sickness of Swiss Soldiers—Witchcraft—Forms of	
Punishment	103

CHAPTER VII.

VALOIS.

Crossing the Furka—Rhône Glacier—Inn—Manufactures and	
Agriculture—Love of Liberty—Cretinism	118

CHAPTER VIII.

VAUD.

Cheese Societies—Union Dairies—Wine-presses—Blacksmiths'	
Shops — Lace-making—Vintage Festival of Vevay—	
Shepherd Songs	139

CHAPTER IX.

GENEVA.

Calvin—Jews—Lake Leman—Watch-making—Social Life—	
Swimming Schools for Girls	165

CHAPTER X.

FRIBURG.

Gruyère Cheese—Gessenay Shepherds—Cheese Aristocracy—	
Swiss Song—Influence of Amusements—Legends	185

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

xxiii

CHAPTER XI.

NEUCHÂTEL.

Queen Bertha—Trouble with Prussia—Military System—	PAGE
Watch-making—Language	204

CHAPTER XII.

SOLEURE.

Patricians — Material Interest — Journalism — Old Laws—	
Houses—First Agricultural Societies—Costumes . . .	224

CHAPTER XIII.

ZÜRICH.

Modern City—Old Laws—Silk Manufacture—Happy Homes—	
Frogs and Snails—Great Shooting Festival	242

CHAPTER XIV.

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Old City—Pride and Exclusiveness—Jews—Costume—Rhine-	
fall—Distinguished Men	276

THE
COTTAGES OF THE ALPS.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—PEOPLE, PAST AND PRESENT—CARS AND DILIGENCES—BERNE AND ITS BEARS—PRISONERS—FEDERAL PALACE—PROMENADES—MOUNTAINS.

WE entered Switzerland by its northern gate; and as our German Guide-book says, "we have only crossed the border before we find ourselves in a different land, and among a different people," it will be thought no sin for us to say the same.

We did not read the Guide-book till long after we had made our observations, but our philosophy was instantly awake, wondering why those who had the same origin, and have spoken always the same language, should be found in paths diverging so widely in the journey through life.

We had thought, that German Switzerland must be very much like Germany, but even the general features, as we glance superficially, offer scarcely any

points of resemblance, in which remark we allude only to the people, their manners and customs, for now, as before, to these we are obliged to confine ourselves. The mountains, however grand, and the valleys, however lovely, must be passed by in silence ; not, because our eyes do not behold them, or our mind does not appreciate them, but because our "instructions" forbid us to dally among things beautiful, or our fancy to revel among scenes luxurious.

We wish to know what kind of people inhabit this wonderful land ; and among the thousands, ay, hundreds of thousands, who have crossed its glaciers, and gone wild in its gorges, how few have thought it worth while to devote a page to the daily life of the shepherd and rover, though the imagination has woven a thousand tales of a people who do not really exist.

Yet the exclamations of surprise and discouragement are even more abundant when we say we are bound for Switzerland, than when our destiny was Germany. An "exhausted subject," says one. "Switzerland has been written to death," says another. "The people ! Indeed if you are to give us a book about the people, it will be more stupid still. They are no longer what they were in the days

of chivalry and romance, but have degenerated into mercenary speculatists and plodding tillers of the soil. From being the most interesting they have become the most humdrum of human beings."

To this we could answer nothing when on our way, because we knew nothing; and now shall leave our readers to prove whether those judge rightly who think a wilderness more pleasant to the eye than a fruitful field, and cottages smiling in the midst of plenty less idyllic than the rude hut of the mountain.

Because they no longer wear the kilt and wield the sabre, it is not necessarily true that they have not inherited the proud spirit of their fathers; and songs of peace may indicate hearts as noble as the fierce warwhoop or the gay tambour.

This charge of degeneracy is something we hear so often, that we hope to prove its fallacy. The decision concerning the American Indian has been, that he could not be civilized; that he preferred the tomahawk and scalping-knife, the wigwam and the skins of beasts, to the arts and comforts of Christian people. Yet had whole nations of Indians voluntarily followed the plough and sowed the field, or in the course of centuries yielded to the subduing power of progress and settled in hamlets and in "white cottages

with green blinds"—preferring cities and the hum of factories, what would have been said of them then? Exactly what people say of the descendants of Tell and the brave men who defended with him their birthright.

That foes without and traitors within so long obliged them to wear the warrior's garb, and to be ever on the watch for those who left no defile of their mountains free from the tramp of conquering hosts, and allowed no valley to escape the ravages of the ruthless destroyer, has been the reason they have not taken a higher stand among the nations, and that their federal escutcheon has not earlier become a bright and shining light, shedding its beams over a continent. It is scarcely ten years since they were permitted to lay aside their armour. They have been the prey of every emperor, prince, and potentate from pole to pole and sea to sea;* and to us it is ever marvellous, that in the days when their land was indeed a wilderness, and the most fruitful field *almost* a desert, they were able to march triumphant through disciplined legions, thronging from every point of the compass to defend their liberties and preserve

* In this general assertion, England is not included; and we might as well add, that in all cases where the term *European* is used, we refer only to *Continental people*.

their rights, remaining always a peculiar people, which no power could crush and no corruption entirely destroy. They have lived and fought till the nations are weary and give up the strife. They have at length agreed to *let them alone*, and, though the fact is but little known beyond their limits, it is yet true, that their present Government exhibits not less the wisdom which proves the superiority of their statesmen and legislators, than their success in battle proved the courage of their warriors and the skill of their generals.

Switzerland is the object of the envy, and malice, and vituperation of the despotisms which surround her. It is the policy, and it is the practice, of princes and their courtiers, to cause to be published continually the most slanderous falsehoods concerning the little republic, its government, its laws, and its people.*

Yet, in the heart of Europe, bounded on every side by empires and kingdoms, trying to annihilate them by force or seduce them by bribery, with emissaries, either open or disguised, for centuries throwing confusion into their councils, endeavouring to blind or

* We find this asserted by a German author, Dr. Kolb, of Speyer, who has lately published in Zurich a work on the political condition of Switzerland, including its financial, military, and commercial relations.

corrupt them, they have survived and retained enough of strength and right principle to form a government, which, if not perfect, is in advance of most, and, in some respects, superior to all. God grant that no blow from without, and the wiles of no serpent within, may again endanger its foundations.

We came first upon Swiss soil in Basel, but cannot stop here to tell its glories—the grand old city that was the seat of councils, and entertained whole retinues of popes, and bishops, and cardinals, emperors, kings, and princes, with wise men from the East, long before America had a name. We will come again and assign it due place and importance among its sisters of the Confederacy. We must first give a few general impressions as we pass along.

It had been told us that the Swiss post allowed just forty pounds of baggage, and we therefore took just forty pounds, in order to avoid all trouble of weights and measures, which we thus succeeded in doing, except on railways, where they allow none. But so much baggage every person may have without fear of the merciless Custom-house inspector; and when it was set down on the platform in Basel *dépôt*, a man placed his hand respectfully upon it, and asked, "What have you in this?" "The usual articles of a lady's wardrobe." "Nothing else?"

"Nothing." Upon which he respectfully bowed and departed. This is a pleasant beginning, and puts us in good humour, for nothing yet ever put us so thoroughly out, as to see our dresses and muslins, on which the laundress had left her best impressions, overturned and crumpled by the rude assaults of an *employé*. Nothing ever obliterates so entirely every trace of more than one Christian virtue from our bosom as this barbarous infringement of the most sacred of human rights. That a lady cannot carry a comb and brush, and morning-dress, a few

"Pills, powders, patches, billet-doux,"

without having them submitted to the scrutiny of some solemn man of office, is indeed an evidence in any country that civilization has not done its perfect work. We are at last where one may have a little *sanctum* which profane eyes and hands cannot invade, and we must experience some very serious wrong to blot out the influence of this one incident on entering a strange land. So much for "first impressions" and "little things."

We are struck not the less pleasantly with these cars, constructed after the American model, with rows of seats on each side of a long carriage, the cushions of grey cloth, and the wood painted "curly-maple," all neat as wax. Here is a little room for

first-class passengers at the end, also like those in every American railway carriage, but here an extra price is demanded for those who occupy them. Not opening at the side, they are the thoroughfare through which every one must pass to reach places of lower rank, and offer therefore no privacy and no special advantage. But in a country so thronged with travellers of high and low degree, it would cause great complaint not to have some place set apart to give a nominal distinction and importance to those who claim to be of a superior order. We took a seat once among those exclusives, and found it the most uncomfortable we ever had in a railway carriage. It was a hot, dusty day, and the crowd was overwhelming. The room being small, one has continually the unpleasant sensation of short rapid drafts from constantly opened doors and always open windows. Two or three persons who could not find seats in the second class, took them without scruple in the first, the conductor making no objections and exacting no more money for the privilege. Those who had paid the extra price were thus incommoded, and had only the consolation of saying and exhibiting that they were first-class passengers, which we have often noticed was sufficient for some people, whatever the annoyances they might experience.

What a difference, too, in the officials, as they perform their several duties. Here is not the solemn look and heavy step of one who says in every motion : I am an officer of the Emperor, or King, or Grand Duke, as may be, with a cumbersome uniform to substantiate the assertion, all which made them, though uniformly courteous, as uniformly terrible. The first of this class whom we notice, answers to our idea of one who in boyhood sang Swiss songs on the mountains. We ask him a question for no other purpose than to see if his manners will correspond with his round red cheeks and merry black eyes. Oh yes ; he has no idea that he is of any particular consequence, only that he takes all the tickets and keeps the accounts correctly. Now and then, as we pass through the villages, a nice looking peasant woman takes her seat by our side, and an ever varying costume is presented to our eyes, and also a respectable and self-respecting deportment, evidently the result of a consciousness that they are no man's servants, A German professor remarks, that you see the same in the animals ;—the cows hold up their heads and look around with an air that shows their appreciation also of free atmosphere. Their heads are not oppressed with a yoke when they are in harness, but the burden comes upon their shoulders. That this is in any way

the consequence of free institutions, we do not intend to imply ; or that cows wear a yoke upon their heads in Germany because they live under the government of a Grand-Duke ; yet we could not help wondering how it should happen, that on one side of a small river it should be the custom for the animals to draw all weights in this way, and that on the other side of the same river, a few miles further south, they should be treated in an entirely different manner. We cannot stop here to speculate upon the matter, and pass on till we arrive at the capital of this famous republic, the seat of the Federal Government, the rallying point of the twenty-two independent states.

It strikes us as a pleasant city, with its quaint streets, built in arcades, its curious old towers, its ramparts converted into promenades, and its many new streets and buildings, sufficiently modern for beauty and comfort, without making a repulsive contrast with what is old. There is something about it which gives it an identity : with the individual features which every city must have, as a whole, it is unlike every other.

Its name of Berne was originally *Bären*, in German signifying bears ; and from the reason, say the chronicles, that Berthold V., Duke of Zaeringen, its founder, slew on the spot one of these animals,

and caused the first houses to be built of the oaks of the forest which then clothed the ground. This was in 1191. Whether history or legend, it is rooted very strongly in the faith of the people, and they have ever awarded peculiar honours to their redoubtable namesakes. On their municipal escutcheon the principal figure is a bear. High on each side of one of the principal gates are crouched two of these huge creatures cut in granite, with attitude and expression to make one realize all their fierceness; yet, grim though they are, one would not like to miss their familiar faces. In various other positions, on towers and pedestals, they are placed conspicuous; but more interesting still are the living ones, which have appropriated to their use spacious apartments in the most aristocratic quarters of the city. For many centuries, if not from the foundation of the walls, the people have entertained a certain number; and when in 1833 the race became extinct, new specimens were imported from Paris and St. Petersburg, and the last year two were born unto them, which was occasion for great rejoicing. Their sleeping rooms are caves in the side of a hill, walled and well carpeted with straw; their promenade and reception room, a deep square pit with walls and floor of granite, and bath rooms to correspond. The legacy of a wealthy citizen

has secured them independence, and if they have any appreciation of the regard and admiration of their fellow-burghers, they must feel very rich.

How many of my readers know that the town of Newbern, in North Carolina, was settled by a colony from this old city of bears, two hundred having emigrated thither in 1710, under *Christopher Graffenried*; but whether they transplanted a menagerie we do not know.

We walk through the streets and meet a procession of strange coarse looking men in uniform, and learn that they are criminals, who, instead of being locked in dungeons, are made to toil. We have read, that not fifty years ago they were marched through the streets in chains, to be the scorn of the populace. How great an improvement has taken place in their condition! Those who perform agricultural labour are accompanied to the field by a man, who carries a gun and sword. They are not allowed to speak to each other, and no one is allowed to speak to them. In the prison itself are workshops of every description, and each one is permitted to pursue the trade to which he has been accustomed, or to learn any he may choose, if he has none. If, in this way, one earns more than the expense of supporting him in the prison, half the sum is laid aside and

given him when his term expires, so that many on leaving have no insignificant fund to enable them to commence some honourable calling in the world. Farmers in the neighbourhood often employ them as day-labourers, paying them stipulated wages. We see them also employed in various occupations about the city, accompanied by an overseer, and in the coarse striped dress that makes it easy to identify them.

The prison discipline is thoroughly Christian and reformatory, and the institution so nearly self-supporting, that the average cost of each person does not exceed seven pounds sterling a year. Among those who think the old times better than the new, we certainly should not find the thieves and robbers of this establishment, to which the whole canton furnishes some five or six hundred. We cannot conceive how a prison can be conducted on better principles or come any nearer to perfection in its arrangements. We notice it particularly, as in some of the other cantons we are able to contrast the present with the past; in reference to the treatment of fallen humanity.

We inquire concerning the theatre, and learn that it is not a Government institution, but managed by a company, who keep it open only in the winter; from which we conclude, that the people cannot afford to

amuse themselves, or that amusement is not so absolutely necessary to their existence as in some countries we have seen.

They have demolished the castles and built a *federal palace*. Our exclamation on beholding it is, "How exactly it corresponds with our idea of the little republic." It is not magnificent or imposing, but there is a modest grandeur in its whole, and a modest beauty in its details, that comports with the pretensions of the people, though there could have been no parsimony in the council that voted about eighty-six thousand pounds sterling for such a purpose. It is more remarkable, perhaps, that the architect did not spend all the money they allowed him; though he answered their expectations in the results he produced. We walked through the rooms one afternoon just after the honourable members had ended their debates for the day; and supposing they had all departed, we took a seat in the presidential chair, in order to have a sense of the feelings of the President of the Swiss Republic. Our cicerone said, if we sat there, we must make a speech, upon which we replied, "Oh, yes;" and had just risen for that purpose, when the honourable gentleman whose particular office it was to harangue his "fellow citizens" from that desk, walked in. He bowed re-

spectfully to one whom he must have considered an unscrupulous usurper, and we bowed as deferentially as possible, and resigned.

But we must not linger too long even in republican palaces.

A shady promenade attracts our attention, and following a narrow pathway we come upon a group of little girls, and learn that they belong to the orphan school near by. We sit down on a bench to watch them in their play. They are pinning leaves together with stems, and making wreaths and scarfs with which to adorn themselves, and then "go a visiting," as we have seen little girls do a thousand times. The conversation and the sports of children are the same in all languages and all lands.

We ascend an eminence, and find ourselves on what were in the olden times the ramparts for the defence of the town. Now it is a playground for children, and their merry voices make the same glad music, though it is not in one, but many strange tongues. We sit down on the roots of a tree, and a little boy not four years old, looks a moment in our face, and without any more formal introduction climbs up and throws his arms around our neck. We teach him how to use his wooden shovel in the sand; his tiny sister asks us to rock the cradle

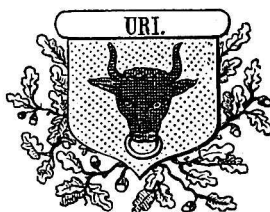
of her doll, and soon we are surrounded by a little train of wagons and hobbyhorses with their owners in amusing rivalry for our attention. How truthful are children! How sad that they must be trained to all the deceptions of false politeness and the cold unchristian charities of the world!

We extend our walk, and without having been told, or thought, that from here could be seen the mountains, we look round indifferently, till by accident our eyes wander in a new direction, and rest on the distant horizon. "What are they?" was our first exclamation. The mountains? Yes, the mountains! The clouds have suddenly broken and lifted their dark curtains; the setting sun is tinging their tops with the soft tints of grey and purple, so that every line is traced as with a pencil against the sky, reflecting the snowy masses below in more brilliant whiteness. From no pen or pencil had we received the most shadowy conception of their grandeur. No pen or pencil can define the feeling, which seemed to fall like a weight upon our spirit as we gazed.

Their enchantment is like that of a beautiful face, changing with every varying emotion. Every hue of sunshine and shadow, every passing cloud, the seasons, morning, noon, and evening, the moon,

the stars, every phase of the atmosphere—all these are influences which give them, every moment, a new charm.

One might expect to tire of those everlasting mountains, for ever and for ever there; but they are never the same, even from the same point of observation. They are like a kaleidoscope with an endless succession of changes, a rainbow with its arch of gold and purple and scarlet spread out into immensity.



CHAPTER II.

URI.

TRAVELLERS AT FLUELEN—DESCRIPTION OF VILLAGES—HOUSES
—ELECTIONS—GRUTLI—COSTUMES—CALAMITIES.

IF our plan were to speak of the different cantons in the order of their rank, we should commence with Zurich, as to her is awarded the precedence in all things. But to suit our own convenience, we begin with those whose names are most familiar, and with which their history was first developed.

From the steamer we stepped upon the wharf at Fluelen, which is the port through which all must pass on their way over the St. Gotthard; and the arrival of every diligence presents in the great street fronting the water the usual scene of porters, valets, and coachmen;—travellers who have passed in the night, where was to be seen the grandest

scenery in the world, and will go home to say "they have been in Switzerland;"—troops of young men with their long Alpine stocks, wreaths of evergreen on their hats, and their pockets full of "specimens;" and ladies in the height of the fashion, with so many grievances that one cannot help wondering why they do not travel in cavalcade, bringing their own mirrors, dressing-maids, and tapestry carpets. They are on their way to Ragatz, to Zurich, or the Rhigi, and in half an hour the village is as quiet as if they had never fluttered and whirled in our midst.

When the boat arrives, it is the same, with a little variation; they wish a coach to Altdorf, to Burglen and Attinghausen; and, with "Murray" in their hands, set off to see where Tell was born, and the men of Grütli lived, and then hurry on to Como and Lago Maggiore, and before the snow is on the hills are back to Paris. They have travelled! Our mission compels us to stop by the way, and our astonishment is to see how little influence all these throngs from the great world seem to have on the people.

We set out alone one morning to explore the village. It is not very large, and only a few rods from the largest and very comfortable hotel led us into a narrow, dingy street, where the houses looked

as old as their history. Sitting on a stone we saw a little girl very busily engaged with some netting, and, in accordance with our rule and inclination, we stopped to ask her a question. She was at first very shy and not disposed to be communicative, but, convinced of our friendliness, she became also friendly, and we asked her to walk with us a little way up the hill. She readily assented, her fingers never pausing an instant, however quickly she talked or ran. Before we had gone very far, all constraint had vanished between us, and she was henceforth our companion in the churchyard and by the lake, in garden and on the hill-side, wherever we wished to stroll. We thought her at first about nine or ten years old, but when we asked her, she said she was sixteen; yet there was no deformity about her, and her face was bright and intelligent.

We went to the school-house, which was in the upper room of a dwelling, and reached by a dark miserable stairway. The village priest was also the village schoolmaster, which is often the case in Catholic Switzerland. Reading and writing, with a little of arithmetic, was the extent of the pupils' acquirements, but the penmanship was very beautiful, and, so far as their knowledge extended, it was thorough. On examining a beautiful writing-book, we

asked our little companion if she could write as well, and she said, "No, not quite, but she could read and write, and so could all the children in the village."

In the churchyard we saw a large iron kettle filled with water, hanging to a pole, and a brush of dry boughs resting on the surface. "What is it for?" She answered by taking it up and sprinkling some graves with water. It was "holy water;" and she crossed herself by dipping her finger therein and drawing it across her forehead.

The people are wholly Catholic, and date their conversion to Christianity so far back as 630, by Bishop Martin, who is the patron saint of the canton. They have still no city, only four villages and fifteen parishes. For a long time they were in some measure subject to the Pope, but since the sixteenth century they have chosen their own pastors, and paid them as they pleased. In every village there is a school in winter, but in summer the youth are so scattered among the mountains that it is not possible to continue them.

The people of Uri are decidedly a pastoral people, and their habits in conformity to their life. With the exception of a few in the larger villages, the houses are built after the model of those described in the earliest allusions to their history, and though they

look very pretty in pictures, have not this virtue in reality. In front are the dates of the year in which they were built, and while looking so fragile as if they could not endure the shocks of twenty years of time and tempest, they have already stood several centuries.

The roofs are of long shingles placed upon laths, with a board lying crosswise, on which are set heavy stones, to prevent them from being scattered to the four winds, as they certainly would be by the first gale from the north. The first story upon the ground floor is devoted to wood, wagons and trumpery, and the second story is entered by stairs outside. This is a construction very common among peasant houses everywhere in Switzerland. The sitting-room and sleeping-room for the elders of the family are over the basement in front, and adjoining them behind is the kitchen, which reaches to the roof. A dark stairway leads to the chambers, which correspond to the front rooms below. It looks very dismal without and within. The great stove is sometimes of potter's ware and sometimes of bricks. The rude benches, upon which the family gather round the fire in winter evenings, are entirely of home manufacture, and so are generally the table and the chest of drawers, which are everywhere the accompaniments. Under the benches are long rows of old and new shoes, and over

the stove, on strings or poles, long rows of clothes and stockings "hanging up to dry." A clock, which we recognise to have originated in the Black Forest, is fastened to the wall, and the pendulum swings to and fro laden with dust, while the wheels are sometimes trammelled by the work of spiders, who are free to go out and in, and spread over all their warp and woof. Under this is perhaps the picture of a dove, as emblem of the Holy Spirit, and here and there on the walls representations from the Bible and Swiss history. Over the table is a wooden chain, to which in the evening is suspended a tallow candle, and in the corner a crucifix, under which are amulets and gifts they have received in their pilgrimages to cloisters and consecrated spots. There will be a bed in each room, and one or two cradles, perhaps a loom, and apparatus for all manner of useful purposes hanging on nails to the walls. Over the bed, lying on two pegs, is a gun, and since the French invasion in 1799 they have added to this a Russian sword and a French sabre; and it was in this war that they showed they had not forgotten the use of those things; and the misery into which they were plunged in consequence of the invasion gave an opportunity of proving that sterling virtues were still the tenants of their bosoms.

In front of almost every house is to be seen a trough, hewn out of a tree, for water, with a rude carving of saint or hero standing guard.

Altdorf was nearly destroyed by the French, who set it on fire in 1799, and therefore has a new look, the houses being stone and covered with tiles. Twice before it has experienced a similar disaster, and therefore has little of the ancient appearance of the other villages. The two principal wells are ornamented with statues of Tell and a former burgo-master; that of Tell standing where he stood to bend his bow, and the other where the boy was placed with the apple on his head.

In the village of Burglen, the birthplace of Tell, and half a mile distant from Altdorf, is also a chapel, on the walls of which are painted the principal scenes of his life. The Reuss passes by, in which he was drowned whilst attempting to save a child who had fallen into the stream. In life and in death he remained a hero. In 1388 was consecrated the chapel, which stands by the sea, on the spot where he jumped on shore from the boat. A procession from all the neighbouring cantons assembled on the Wednesday after Ascension, and heard mass in the chapel. At this first consecration 114 persons were present who had known Tell in his life. A similar procession

takes place every year now, on the first Sunday after Ascension, when a steamer sets out with the escutcheon of the four forest cantons painted on its side, the broad banner of the Confederacy waving from a tall flagstaff in the centre, and the colours of several cantons in gay contrast on different parts of the deck. Leaving Lucerne in the morning, and stopping at all the villages on its way to collect the devotees, who appear in the brightest of holiday costume, it looks like a flower-garden dancing on the waters, or some fairy land, with "fairylike music," paying a visit to our humdrum world. Many smaller boats are in its train, and the little skiffs, with their partycoloured awnings, and paddles of all the hues of the rainbow, are not the less like elfin sprites as they skip so merrily along.

The *fête* is a religious one, as are all in Catholic Switzerland, and the ceremonies at the chapel are those usual in the Catholic Church. The capuchins in their long brown mantles, and the monks in their cowls, bishops in gold and scarlet, and priests in their sable robes, are not the least conspicuous among the strange crowd.

They stop at the Grütli and the Tellenplatte, and then proceed to Fluelen, where they disembark, and form a grand procession to Altdorf, where the whole village is in waiting. Banners and streamers with

mottoes are waving from the housetops, the streets are arched with wreaths and flowers, and young men and maidens stand here and there in groups, singing hymns and patriotic songs. It is thus they commemorate the past and enjoy the present. Modern events have taken no root in their soil or in their hearts. And, indeed, one may call the *Tellenplatte* the Mecca of the whole civilized world, and a proof that deeds of virtuous heroism find a response in every human heart.

During the last year the *Gräthli* has been purchased by the contribution of a mite from all the school-children of Switzerland. The sum required was nearly two thousand two hundred pounds, but with scarcely any effort it amounts to more than half as much again, because the parents, fearing a deficiency, aided in the work. The sums collected from the children having been kept separate, it is found they alone have effected the purchase, and each little patriot is to receive a picture of the three men in the attitude of making the solemn oath on the spot. This same year Mount Vernon has become the common property of the country of which Washington was the father, evincing that republics are not always to be lawfully accused of indifference and ingratitude.*

* It was on the 10th of November, the one hundredth birthday of Schiller, that the writings were finished, signed and sealed, which

The annual election of state officers is the grand festival of each year in every canton, and yet is held always on the Sabbath. It is a religious

conveyed the memorable spot from Mr. Truttman, the owner, to the possession of the whole confederate people. And on the day when the whole civilized world celebrated the birth of the great poet, he was not forgotten by the people whose glory he sang. The men of Uri, as in the drama, were the "first on the ground," and the others crossed the lake in a great yacht, singing as they came in sight of the mountain,

"We heartily hail thee in distance,
Still mountain that liftest thine head,
Where the wavelet, that melts as it glistens,
From snows everlasting is fed.

"We praise thee, most peaceful of regions,
We hail thee, thou holiest land,
Where our fathers, with valorous legions,
For ever burst slavery's band."

Arrived at the opposite shore, they were greeted by their waiting countrymen, and all ascended together to stand on the sacred spot where the patriot league was sworn. Here they formed a circle, hand in hand, and renewed the solemn covenant, singing afterwards some thrilling songs of freedom. Many liberty speeches were also made, and a resolution passed to place there a single shaft of stone, bearing the inscription :

"To Tell's poet,
On his hundredth birthday,
The original cantons."

During the dinners which celebrated the same occasion in Berne, a German finished his toast by wishing for Switzerland a Schiller. A Swiss voice quickly responded, "And we wish for Germany a Tell."

In Basle, the ladies, thinking they were unduly neglected, by not being invited to participate in festivities so proper to be graced by their presence, and the importance of which they so fully appre-

and solemn occasion in their eyes, and Sunday the most fitting time for its responsible duties. Before *the act of mediation*, in 1816, the period of majority for every youth in Canton Uri was fourteen years of age, but it being held that he could not be a citizen before he was a man, the youth now waits till he is twenty before he can exercise the right of suffrage.

The place for holding the popular assembly in this canton is three miles from Altdorf, at the ciated, resolved to institute a *fête* by themselves. Silently and softly, as was meet, they made the arrangements, secured the elegant *salon* of the Three Kings Hotel for the purpose, decorated it with a bust of Schiller, engravings, works of art, and wreaths of flowers, and at nine o'clock in the evening, while their lords were convened around the festive board in a distant quarter of the city, these fair conspirators assembled, but not with murderous intent. They were pleasantly surprised to find they had been remembered, and their plan approved by those who at first ignored their existence. Vases of flowers, with significant mottoes, were upon the table, placed, if not by fair, yet by skilful hands, and a bouquet of rare flowers adorned each plate, tied in graceful knots of white ribbons. The ladies exclaimed, "Better late than never," and evidently entered upon their festivities with more buoyant spirits. They read aloud portions of Schiller's poem, sang songs of freedom, and danced. They were not the less pleasantly surprised, in the midst of their mirth, by "fireworks on the Rhine," which formed no part of their programme. At supper they gave toasts, indulged again in wit and song, and at twelve returned to their homes, not a little triumphant at the success of their plot, and their genuine enjoyment of an occasion where gentlemen had implied they were incapable of participating in the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

foot of a mountain in Botzlingen, within sight of the ruins of Attinghausen. On the 15th of April, fourteen days before they are to hold the election and transact the business of the canton, a formal notice is published, specifying the time, which is the first Sunday in May, and the object of the meeting, from which no person is excluded except criminals; and no one, however poor or ill-clothed, fails to be present.

After morning service in the church, the people form a grand procession. At the head are the musicians, the drummers, and a company of military, who surround the national banner. Then follow two men clothed in the ancient costume of the heroes of Switzerland, carrying upon their shoulders enormous buffalo horns, ornamented with silver. Close behind them are what they term the *Land Weibel*, men who answer to the valets of kings, only they are valets to that invisible but important personage, the Republic. They are clothed with the cantonal colours—long loose robes, half black and half yellow, falling to the feet, and a large round hat, with points running out at the side. In England they might call them beadles, but it is difficult to find an exactly corresponding office, and we have therefore no appropriate appellation.

These important and very serious-looking personages carry the official seals, the keys of the archives, the sword of justice, and a staff surmounted by a globe, upon which is an apple upon the point of an arrow. Then follow the chief magistrates on horseback in their black silk mantles, and bearing a sword ; and lastly, counsellors and other citizens.

The seats for the assembly are arranged in a semicircle, and a large concourse being already seated, at the approach of the imposing *cortège* they rise and uncover their heads. On a table in front are the statute-books, and there the Land Weibel deposit the seals and keys, which are enclosed in a bag, also bearing the cantonal colours. Beside them is the ancient knife or sword used by the venerated heroes, and now the emblem of peace. The officials take their places upon a platform, and the musicians play an air known as the "*Old Song of Tell*."

The session is opened by the chief magistrate, who is denominated *Landamman*, with a speech recalling the principal events of their history, the blessings they at present enjoy, and, reviewing the past year, finishes with an allusion to their obligations to God as their divine benefactor, and the necessity of imploring his aid for the future ;

when all kneel down for a few moments in silent prayer. This is a most affecting and beautiful sight, so evident is the sincerity and depth of their devotion ; and not the least attractive feature of the occasion are the children, who are placed in front of the platform within the circle, in order to be early impressed with the importance of republican virtue, and who are during the whole ceremony profoundly attentive. Women are allowed to be present, but not within, among their lords ; they stand at a respectful distance without, but where they see and hear all that passes.

A month before the meeting, seven honourable citizens, each of a different family, are commissioned to prepare any resolutions, or propose any new measures of government. The first act of business for the day is for the Landamman to place these, if furnished, in order before the people. Every one is allowed to speak upon their merits, and to make any new propositions, and the discussions are often loud and stormy. When the vote is called, those who are for the affirmative hold up their hands, and when the negatives are counted, and there seems still a doubt, each party marches in single file before the table separately and the numbers are counted. A majority of one is sufficient to establish a law.

When all business is finished, the reigning Landamman renders an account of his magistracy, and asks if the people are satisfied with his administration. Being assured of this by loud applause, he steps forward and lays down his seal of office. All the other officials follow his example, and take their seats in the midst of the assembly. For a little time there is a profound silence, intended to be emblematic of the power of the people to govern themselves, when there is no visible government, no hand holding the reins. Then follows a little farce of mock licence, because they have no rulers and can do what they please, which speedily subsides into order, and the election of new officers commences.

The oldest person who has held the office of Landamman, is invited to name a successor to him who has just retired, and often one of the most obscure among the citizens is nominated for this office and elected. The same person may be re-elected any number of times, if they choose, but it is not often done without an interval. In honour to Walter Fürst they chose the chief magistrate from the family of Attinghausen for nearly a century.

When all the officers are elected, of whom the principal are twelve in number, they resume the places of those who resigned, and take the keys and

seals in the order in which they were laid down. The oaths of office are then administered, in which they swear to respect the laws and the independence of the country, and the assembly disperses. It is very seldom that this solemnity and order are in the least infringed. A portion of the people indulge in games and songs, but there is a proverb, that "Uri is the conscience of Switzerland," and crimes and misdemeanours more seldom here than elsewhere.

They are superstitious, and have a thousand legends concerning the "genii" who inhabit the mountains, and who, they believe, dispel the storms and rule the tempests, watch over the fountains and render fruitful the fields. Their language is exceedingly poetic in relating these stories, and the flowers of rhetoric abound in the speeches of their magistrates, and even in the records of their statute-books.

It is not known that they were originally the same people as the neighbouring cantons. Their traditions date to the time of the Emperor Theodosius, and a document in their archives, granting them peculiar privileges, bears the seal of Charlemagne. They were originally called *Taurisci*, probably from *taurus*, the Latin for bull, and the Romans may have found the formidable horns already

on their armour. The men are still called the finest in Switzerland; yet, in many places, deformity and sickness appear as the consequence of bad food and unhealthy air. Meat is very rare; the various preparations of milk and cheese being the principal sustenance of the poor; and there live many who see nothing all winter but porridge, and all summer but goat's milk.

The dress was formerly blue small clothes and long white stockings, fastened together by leather cords and buttons, red vest and a leathern girdle, with the date of the year upon it when it was made, in colours wrought with a needle. Some wear a broad-brimmed hat ornamented with peacock's feathers. But now they have universally adopted the dress of men in all lands. Among the women, as usual, the ancient costume is preserved longer, though much modified. Still one may see now and then the red petticoat and red stockings of the olden times, the low boddice and full chemisette, with crimped cap-frill standing up on the head like the shell of the nautilus, and the little square collars and silver chains which form part of almost every costume in Switzerland. The collar is usually of velvet, wrought in silver flowers, or, among the poor, with coloured threads, square on the shoulder, and the

chain of silver among the rich, and of steel among the poor, fastens to each corner behind, and is brought under the arm, hanging loosely, and meets a broad clasp on the corner in front. When the whole dress is neat and corresponds, it has a very pretty effect. We heard one day a loud clatter, clatter, through the street, and on looking closely saw a group of girls with sandals on their feet. They are made of maple wood, very large, and, slipping at every step, are like so many blows upon the pavement.

The people are subject to all sorts of casualties, which must be a continual drain upon their means. We were passing from village to village one afternoon, and as we were riding leisurely along, several men called out *halt!* at the top of their voices; and upon *halting*, we learned that the road was stopped up by a *land-slide*, which had occurred only a few hours before, and which could have buried us beneath its mass of stone and mud if we had been happening to pass at the time. All travellers must go far round another way till it was mended, and this would require several days. These land-slides are frequent after a rain, and avalanches are of daily occurrence during the season of snow.

The pass of the St. Gotthard belongs to Uri and Tessin on the south side of the Alps. The first

person who ever crossed it was an English mineralogist, July 25th, 1725. The second person was another Englishman, in 1773, who required the aid of four horses and eight men; and the expense of going from Altdorf to Giornico was twenty-six pounds. The path was improved, and became a great route for transport by means of mules, and yielded an annual revenue of more than one thousand seven hundred pounds sterling to Uri alone. When the Simplon was finished in 1806, the St. Gotthard was abandoned, and the people saw their only source of industry cut off, unless they could build a similar road, which they resolved to do. It was a marvellous undertaking for Napoleon, and still more marvellous for the little Canton Uri to construct a carriage-way to Italy. But in 1820 it was commenced, and ten years later, in 1830, it was opened; other cantons having contributed to the work, and a native of Altdorf being the engineer. In 1837, nearly one-third of it was swept away by a terrible storm, and in 1839 it experienced again a similar calamity. It leads the travellers through some of the finest scenery in Switzerland, and passes scenes of the most interesting historical associations, but the village of Andermatt, on the meadows, is the only one of importance for many miles, and the old hospice at

the foot of the mountain was for centuries the only place of entertainment. Now there are hotels, but we cannot call them good.

The meadow must have been once a lake, and the grass is still nourished by a moisture that gives it a peculiar brightness. The butter which it produces is also of a peculiar golden hue, and the cheese of marvellous richness.

The snows last till April, and they have a proverb which says, "No April so good that each hedge has not its hat." It is melted usually by the *faun*, a hot wind which blows from the south, and causes the drifted masses to disappear more in twenty-four hours than the sun in eight days. It often continues in one current for a week without cessation, and sometimes with such violence that houses are unroofed and trees torn up by the roots. But at the same time it is so warm that the buds open into flowers in a few days, and are afterwards chilled by a wind from the west, thus blighting the hopes of the husbandman. Nine-tenths of the storms come from the west. The *faun* is felt as far north as Zurich, and the rules of wind and weather baffle the wisest prophets concerning their freaks. The changes from cold to heat are almost instantaneous, and the barometer and thermometer run a race, but in oppo-

site directions. It is scarcely possible to keep a fire while it lasts, as the flames are so suddenly increased as to endanger the buildings, and there is no certainty when it will appear.

But the "brave men of Uri" rise superior to all calamities, and where there is so high an appreciation of noble deeds there must be still the capacity to perform them. They have not many great names upon the scrolls which record the works of art in the quiet days of peace, though the sculptor Inrihof, long known at Rome, was a native of Uri; and a poet, a historian, and a painter, have originated in three of their most secluded villages. The war-trumpet would be sure to call out their energies, but we hope it will be long ere its notes fall on their ears, and that ambition will be awakened to rivalry in not less honourable but more useful paths.



CHAPTER III.

SCHWYTZ.

ORIGIN OF PEOPLE—BRUNNEN—DILIGENCE—HOTELS—COSTUMES—
IMPROVEMENTS—EINSIEDELN—PILGRIMS—LEGENDS.

IN Schwytz the people have a legend concerning their origin, which says, "Long ago, a colony from Sweden left their country because they had become too many, and there was no more room in the land. Their destination was Rome, but a wild storm which swept down the St. Gotthard prevented their crossing, and being also overtaken by robbers, and though victorious, much weakened by the combat, they resolved to settle farther north. Brunnen seemed to them a pleasant valley, and they found there good springs of water. It reminded them of the home

they had left, and they built their huts by the sea. The question arose, what name they should give the new land, and two brothers wishing to baptize it, each with his own, had a fearful dispute, and at length concluded to settle the matter by single combat, the one who should be victorious acquiring the right to the coveted honour. *Schioit* and *Scheiz* were the competitors, and the first being crowned victor, with a little variation his name has become that of a whole people."

There must be some foundation for the story, as it is commemorated by art as well as by song, and the two men of "giant form" and "giant mould" engaged in deadly strife are painted on the stuccoed walls of a warehouse on the shore of the lake, and its authenticity admits not a doubt in the minds of the narrators. The legend proceeds to state that, Louis the German being emperor, they sent deputies to ask permission to settle in the land, which he granted, and also accorded to them many privileges: requiring no tribute, and promising that no foreign bailiffs should be sent to rule over them. The history recognises their existence, and speaks of a similar deputation which took place in the ninth century. These privileges were confirmed by successive emperors, till they were looked upon as

rights. They had enjoyed freedom so long that bondage was not endurable; and when the attempt was made by Albert, son of Rudolph of Hapsburg, to subdue them as an inheritance for his son, they revolted, and with their sister cantons of the lake formed the alliance which resulted in the "Helvetian Confederacy." This treaty was renewed in 1315, and those who formed it are also represented in full-length frescoes upon the walls of the same house by the sea. In 1815, was celebrated at Schwytz, the five hundredth anniversary of this union, when the people from every mountain and valley came with their banners and their songs to hold a glad festival together in the cradle of their liberties.

Brunnen seemed to us also a "pleasant valley," and we tarried there many days. We rose early to see the sun shed his golden light upon the waters, and sat long into the night to watch the moonbeams gild the ripples, and once saw them lashed into fury by a storm which sent them dashing and foaming against the rocks as if some mad spirit moved them with a living rage. And whether in sunshine or in storm, our thoughts wandered back to the little boat which darted over its surface impelled by the strong arm of the hero, in whose breast was a storm as wild, as he swore revenge and death to the hated oppressor.

Now there are a hundred boats with their oars dipping leisurely as they glide along, and gay laughing maidens are the rowers.

Four times a day steamers pass by, on one of which are painted the arms of the four cantons which border the lake, and over which waves the flag of the Confederacy. They are gay with many colours, like a fair maiden in holiday costume, and their decks thronged with pleasure-seeking travellers. Brunnen is the *dépôt* for the merchandise which is to pass the St. Gotthard, or which is brought over and destined for the north. Travellers from the north and east come also this way to embark for Lucerne, or to cross the mountains, so that all summer the wharf presents one scene of bustle and hum of business and pleasure.

In no other canton have we so pleasant remembrances of the kindness of the people. We now and then took a fancy to pass *incognito*, not understanding why we should not avail ourselves of this privilege as well as any princess or duchess, though it might not be for the same reason. We converted our name into a German one, by the addition of a syllable, and spoke the language of the people among whom we happened to be as well as we could. If Germans did not understand us, they

concluded it was because we were Swiss, and if the Swiss did not understand us, they concluded it was because we were German, or from some outlandish corner, the dialect of which they had never heard; and we allowed them to think what they pleased, never asserting that we were from one country or another, though we are quite certain they took us now and then to be fugitives from some rebellious colony, or emissaries from Austrian or Napoleonic head-quarters, these personages being at that time sufficiently abundant in many lands. The true nature of our embassy it would never occur to them to imagine; but our adventures were many and amusing, though neither duchess nor spy. The obliging and ladylike hostess of the "*Post*" could not have treated us with more attention had we been empress, and without manifesting the least inquisitiveness concerning our "name and station, age, or race." No book was presented us, in which to record whence we came and whither we were going; every favour was granted that we asked, and many that we did not ask; and the bill contained no long list of extras, and was in all things just and reasonable. She was a lady in her dress and manners, everywhere present in the sphere of her duties, attentive without being obsequious, generous in what

she furnished, and without exaction in what she required. Guide-books, which are no guide at all in these matters, do not mention it as among the "first-rate hotels," but it was among the best we found, and we therefore commend it, though they did not know, and probably never will, that we could thus reward them.*

"Hotel keeping" is a peculiar institution in Switzerland, and cannot be passed by in silence. The charges are, as elsewhere on the Continent, so much for every item, however large or small it may be; but in most places one may stay a few days or weeks as a boarder, paying so much per day, a sum expected to be less than when reckoned by the piece. As a general rule, it may be said of these hotels and boarding houses that they are

* It was after this that we spent some weeks at the *Pension Jaggi* near Berne, and should be guilty of injustice not to record the sterling integrity of the old lady who has been for so many years its presiding genius. Her fault was always to forget the *items*, and we have heard those who had known her in the capacity of landlady nearly twenty years, assert, that not the most captious traveller ever accused her of injustice or exaction to the amount of a centime.

"One good price, and done with it," is her rule, and she abides by it. She pays her servants, and they attend to her guests not less kindly than those who demand a fee for every step. In this way there is no misunderstanding, and no petty disputes about a few pennyworths, which many people will dispute about, not for the value of a penny, but because they will not submit to injustice.

good and reasonable. But the system of charging by the piece can never be just, and the custom of demanding "Trinkgeld," in addition to the bill, is a fraud, especially when most of the travellers belong to nations, who do not understand the language and habits of the people.

One can never know with any degree of precision what the expense in any place may be. When the first sum is mentioned, in answer to the inquiry, "How much must I pay?" it seems small; but when you have paid all the just and unjust *extras*, it is larger than in an ordinary hotel, where the whole sum is given directly and sounds enormous. Besides, it affords opportunities of making false accounts, which are abundantly improved. English people seldom read a bill, and in a great proportion of cases could not if they would. What the long string of items may be which they find presented for payment they do not know; and travelling for pleasure, and being in a hurry, they do not care. Yet now and then one takes the trouble to decipher the hieroglyphics, and often finds an enumeration of comforts and luxuries of which he has had no actual experience. One is always sure to be a candle charged three times its cost, when only an inch or two has been burned. They are thus able to sell it over and over,

and must find tallow, soap, and spermaceti among the most profitable of their investments. We have seen travellers, who, having paid for the candle and soap, put it in their bags, and at the next place "found themselves," till they were obliged to purchase more in the same way. Another item is "*service*," being twenty, and often forty, cents for merely the ordinary preparations in your sleeping-room, and which is no substitute for the "*trinkgeld*," which is as much more, and which if you refuse, your baggage is seized, and twenty servants stand in array to *fight it out*. They know you must yield, because it is a trifle compared to being delayed on a journey, and few people care to expose themselves to a public quarrel, the rights of which cannot be explained.

On the summit of the Righi one may arrive at midnight and leave at sunrise, not seeing a servant, or having the least attention, yet the "*service*" is just the same. The hotel is good, and the arrangements marvellous to behold, when one considers that every article of food and furniture must be carried up on the shoulders of men; and during the season, the saloon and dining-hall present a scene like that of Baden-Baden. No reasonable person would be disposed to complain of a generous price in such a

place. But why not have a uniform one, that allows every one to know what the expense may be of spending a night or a week on the Righi?

The deceptions concerning guides are the same. You are told, that for a guide and horse you must pay four dollars; and having had no experience in this system of fraud, you suppose this is the whole sum. When you descend, nearly a dollar more is demanded for "*Trinkgeld*." At the foot of the Righi we saw this disputed, and a quarrel was the consequence. The party were detained too late for the boat, and had to pay it in the end. The law fixes the *tarif* for guides and horses, which is placed in a conspicuous place for all to read, but there is no mention of the "*Trinkgeld*" which is often demanded by the hotel-keeper, and never a cent of it given to the guide. In our case* the hotel-keeper kept only half, and knowing that we were to leave in a hurry, the boat being in sight, he contrived to delay presenting the bill till the last moment, and looking only at the items, without adding them, we did not observe till the next day that several extra francs were set down without even the pretence of an item. The same thing is often done, and so successfully, that they have no fear of detection.

* Lion d'or—Weggis.

Another principle, both in hotel and shop keeping, is, to charge all who speak English a third more than any other people. A Swiss lady, who had married an Englishman, said she was no longer in favour in her native city among the tradespeople, because they could not cheat her husband as they had been doing for many years. But this is the practice over the whole Continent. We have seen the experiment tried very often of asking prices, within the same hour concerning the same articles, by a native and an Englishman, and the difference would be always a third, and sometimes one-half. Every year brings a new throng, and they are all in the same hurry. Forty thousand is the average number annually in the public conveyances of Switzerland, and the season scarcely three months in duration. They wish, therefore, to make as much as possible, and are tempted to all unlawful as well as lawful means. But these are the sins of an individual, or a class, and not of the whole people; and lately there have been formed associations among hotel-keepers to prevent fraud and exaction. There is nothing demanded by the government for passports; and postage and telegrams are cheaper than in any other country of Europe. Neither in diligence nor railroad is any one allowed to smoke without the consent of the whole company,

and the facilities for travelling with speed and comfort are carried to the greatest possible perfection.

“First come, first served,” is the rule in the great coach, which still goes rattling over the hills and through the valleys, and the best seat is in the *coupé* in front, as there is nothing to obstruct the view, and there is room for only three persons. People who are only desirous of seeing the most wonderful scenery, can reach the important points in Canton Schwytz by steamboat and railway, and thus avoid the diligence. But our object being the reverse, we took the diligence and avoided the railway. It was only by this means that we could see the villages and their inhabitants.

The people being Catholic, and the life pastoral, they are very similar, in many respects, to their sisters Uri and Unterwald. “In the times that tried men’s souls,” they were not less brave; and in peace, they were as content with their rural retirements and simplicity.

Innovations march slowly among the mountains; yet Paris fashion plates have found their way into almost every hut and hamlet. The original dress of the men was similar to that in Unterwald, consisting of black leather small clothes, white stockings, scarlet vest, and blue or brown jacket reaching to the knee,

and open in front. In olden times, the government officers wore scarlet mantles and perrucks, small clothes, with red coat, having many folds, reaching to the knee, and four sleeves, two of them hanging very loose, like those of Roman lictors. But now this is the dress of the standard-bearers and *Land-weibel*, the officials appearing in black like other burgers, with only the addition of mantles of the same colour for state occasions.

The red petticoat and variegated apron have almost entirely disappeared; but the jaunty straw hat, with bouquets of flowers and knots of ribbons, may sometimes be seen, with the long braids of hair interwoven with red, and brought down each side of the neck in front. The bodice is usually of black, instead of blue, with scarlet lacings; and the velvet collar has taken the place of the party-coloured neckerchief. Among a great portion there is no remnant of the former costume; and in some places it has all disappeared except the cap, which is always the last to be given up. It consists of two wings, like a butterfly, spread out each side, and the hair brought up between in braids, and fastened with a silver or gilt hair-pin in the form of a full-blown rose, and called *rose hair-pin*. Others wear the lace comb, elsewhere described, standing up so high, that in

church or public assembly there is such a forest of caps that the speaker is entirely concealed from those behind. The nuns wear black and white veils, so thick that a pretty face is entirely concealed by them.

We have never passed through a Swiss village without seeing a carpenter at work on the houses; and here and there some clapboards, some new shingles or window-frames, a new portico, or something that indicated a little improvement or the spirit of progress. In almost every village there are all grades from rich to poor, and the *striving to rise* which it is always pleasant to observe among human beings.

One of their authors says, six hundred years ago, Gessler was jealous of a peasant because he had a fine house. A little later it was the peasants who were jealous of each other; but now a new or fine house is no object of wonder or envy, they have become so common. Among the poorest they are still old and old-fashioned, with the great overhanging roofs, without chimneys, and without paint, not an object for envy even in their best days. The kitchen is dark, the great stove occupies a third of its space, and around it coo with the same familiarity a family of children and a family of doves. The great sofa, when it is clean, is the only comfortable-looking

article, and is duly appreciated. There rest the elders from their labours, and tumble the little ones in their play. It is the throne whence issue all orders, the council-chamber where plans are made and politics discussed. But the new houses are pretty, often white, with green blinds. There are not many very rich, and there are many very poor in the land. The canton is forty square leagues in extent, and has 44,000 inhabitants, with no city, and in the largest village only 3,000 people. They are so proud of the past that they do not think enough of the present and the future.

Nearly everywhere we were almost the only passenger in the diligence, and occupied the *coupé* with the postilions. We saw at once that they had no faith in our *incognito*, but did not feel bound to remove their doubts, though if we had they might possibly have been more communicative. As it was, they were evidently afraid of betraying their country.

It was here that we first saw the pilgrims on their way to Einsiedeln. The first group we noticed had come all the way from the Tyrol. How poor and miserable, careworn and travel-stained they looked! What a strange infatuation that prompts them to seek comfort for this life and salvation for the future

in the mummeries of a few monks in an old cloister ! We were also on our way thither, though for a different purpose. It is the saddest of all the scenes in this pleasant land, yet we cannot pass it by.

Einsiedeln is the most renowned resort of pilgrims, not only in Switzerland, but for all middle Europe. The throng every year is still 150,000, and last year it was said to reach a higher number than ever before, though in 1700 it is stated to have been 202,000, and in 1710, the incredible number of 260,000.

The legend of the abbey, as given by the monks and credited by the pilgrims, is, that in the days of Charlemagne, a hermit of the noble family of Hohenzollern repaired to this remote wilderness, then called "Finsterwald," to end his days in solitude and prayer, devoting himself to the care of a small black image of the Virgin, which had been given him by St. Hildegarde, then Abbess of Zurich. In 803 he was murdered ; but two pet ravens which he had reared, pursued the murderers as far as Zurich, and by croaking and flapping their wings attracted attention to them, thus causing their arrest. Afterwards they were executed on a spot where now stands the Raven Inn.

Meinrad, the hermit, had lived in a cell, but the

renown of his sanctity prompted Erberard, another count of the same noble family, to found a convent upon the place ; and he obtained from the emperor the grant of large tracts of waste land as an endowment. On the 14th of September, 948, the Bishop of Constance was to consecrate the church, but the night previous he was awakened by angelic minstrelsy, and in the morning received a message from heaven, that the consecration had already been performed by the Saviour and powers of heaven. Pope Leon VIII. pronounced it a true miracle, and in consideration of it granted plenary indulgence to all pilgrims who should wend their way to the shrine of *Our Lady of the Hermit* ! He probably expected his command to take effect only for a few years, or during his lifetime, but the most ambitious of popes never dreamed that for nine centuries these worthless words would preserve their charm, and millions of people really believe they could blot out their sins by obeying his false and sacrilegious mandate. It is no slander to say, that a great proportion of those who come now have not even so good an object as this.

The 14th of September is still the day for the largest assembly, and presents the strangest concourse to be seen in any time, or season, or country ; all languages and all manners, all costumes and all

colours, being blended in most inharmonious confusion. There are tents for pilgrims and booths for trade; devotees at their shrines, and jockeys at their stalls; the prayers of the pious and the curses of the profane; revelry, drunkenness, and debauchery; the gaudy trappings of the rich, and the beggarly rags of the poor, the grey old monks in their cowls, and the lisping children at their feet, all coming and going to fall on their knees before a little black image enshrined within the church, called the "Virgin and Child." There is never an hour in the year, perhaps, that some one is not muttering *Ave Marias* on the cold stones before this senseless object; and at many seasons there are hundreds, and sometimes thousands, prostrate together, all really believing when they rise that their sins have been pardoned. What a power in faith! Unless God has taken pity upon their ignorance and superstition, no influence from without has been exerted on their souls, yet they feel no longer the burden of transgression; but if sin really weighs upon their consciences, they must in many cases be more heavily laden when they go than when they came, but being rid of one load they are better able, perhaps, to carry another.

Zwinglius was curate in Einsiedeln from 1516 to

1519, and commenced preaching the reformatory doctrines to the pilgrims, and had the pleasure of seeing many adopt the true faith who had come there trusting in the efficacy of Popish indulgences. But the pilgrim shrines and the gory plains of Italy are almost enough to stagger one's faith in the efficacy of any means for spreading the pure principles of the Gospel of peace and righteousness.

The personal influence of the priesthood is much greater in Catholic Switzerland than in Germany at the present time, and the difference in those of the two faiths is far greater. Yet the people have never allowed Pope and Church to trammel their political freedom. When fairly convinced that their cause was right, they defied all *bans* and prohibitions, till the politic holy father learned to go "so far and no farther" if he would retain a remnant among them as his loyal worshippers—his subjects they have never been.

In the canton there are six convents, three of which are for women, and thirty parishes. There is a school in every commune, and the priests are in many instances the schoolmasters; but instruction is not gratuitous in all, and except in the larger towns there is no attempt to keep the children together in the winter, and those who are on the hills in summer

have of course very little opportunity for study. There is still among the people of the rural districts, isolated from the travelling world, much of the simplicity and confidence of the olden time, when, if a neighbour wanted anything in the storehouse or pantry of another, he took it and paid when it became convenient. The cellar and milkroom had no locks, and if some one needed milk or cream in the night, he entered and helped himself and left the money under the pan.

We can never forget the bright merry face of a maiden we met one day in our walks. We had acted in the spirit of primeval confidence, whether it would be approved now or not, and seated ourselves in a rustic arbour overlooking a beautiful landscape, knowing very well that if it belonged to a prince or nobleman we were committing an unpardonable offence. In a few moments two young girls passed by, and one looked in, and with most respectful manner said, "Good evening," according to the custom of her people, whether they meet friend or stranger. According to our custom we answered still more cordially, and she walked in and seated herself, saying, "It was very pleasant." There was neither embarrassment nor familiarity. We talked an hour together and then took a walk. She chattered all

the time like a magpie, not seeming once to have the feeling that we were strangers, and her face was like the reflection of sunbeams on the water, so radiant that it had the power of a charm, riveting our eyes at the time and riveting our thoughts ever since. She was seventeen years old, she said, but appeared two years younger. She could not read, because she had been sick all her life, and knew nothing beyond the affairs of her native village. Her ease and naturalness were in consequence of her ignorance, like that of a child who has never learned the *art* of politeness. If she were not talking she laughed in the same careless way; was earnest if she spoke of anything serious; and we could not help thinking, if the village were full of such maidens, no wonder the shepherds are content. She belonged to the Muottothal, where we afterwards learned that this nobility and brightness of the face was characteristic of the people, where they are never sad, whatever may happen and however great their misfortunes, and say they are descended from the Goths, who were expelled from Italy in the sixth century. We would go very far to look again on such a countenance.

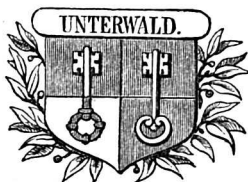
The chapel of *Our Lady of the Snow* upon the Righi is also the resort of pilgrims, who still trust to

the indulgence promised in 1700 to all who should ascend and assist at a *fête* in honour of the Virgin. On the 8th of September, the day of the Nativity, every path to the mountain is thronged, and for more than half a century pilgrims were the only worshippers who climbed the dizzy heights. Now there are ten thousand every year, worshippers of nature; and the imagination cannot conceive anything more lovely than the view presented from the *Righi Culm*, when "the sun goes into gold," as they express it, or rises on a cloudless morning.

This and the neighbouring mountains are covered with a network of legends connected with their religion or their history; and we have heard stories of *pigmies* which were word for word like those to which we have listened in Indian wigwams.* They are represented as *little folk* with long silver beard and hair reaching to the earth, and wearing green coats and little caps. They were the special pro-

* In this or any similar remark we do not intend to compare the people to Indians, here or in Germany, though, as far as our own opinions are concerned, we could not pay them a greater compliment than by so doing. But it would be an unpardonable negligence not to state a resemblance like this where intercommunication could never have existed, and when there is no proof or suspicion of a similar origin.

tectors of the chamois of the hills and the fish of the sea, and all who trespassed upon their dominions were sure to experience their revenge. They lived in subterranean dwellings, and came forth like apparitions and vanished as quickly.



CHAPTER IV.

UNTERWALD.

ALPINE PASTURES—SENNHUTTEN — CHEESE-MAKING—COWS AND
THEIR BELLS—ALPINE FESTIVALS—AGRICULTURE FETES.

"THE pious Unterwalders." This is not only an appellation by which they are well known, but one by which it pleases them to be designated. Nowhere else in Switzerland are the emblems of their faith so thickly strewn on mountain and in valley. The cross reminds one at almost every step of Him who bore it, and here and there in every valley are little niches cut in the trunks of trees, with some image of saint or virgin imbedded gracefully in foliage, and often women kneeling before them with a chaplet in their hands. High up on the Alps are seen the little chapels for the use of the shepherds, for, like the people of Schwytz and Uri, they too are a pastoral people.

So early as 1308, they date their present laws

concerning the Alpine pastures, and know that so long before this time that there is concerning it no record or tradition, here the shepherds fed their flocks. One can scarcely believe that those almost inaccessible heights and frightful gorges are measured and allotted with the exactness of a field or garden, and yet every cow has her appointed hill-top, and a goat may, at his peril, go browsing beyond his neighbour's limits. In different cantons the Alps are subject to different laws; in some, as in Uri and Schwytz, belonging to the whole land, or as in Unterwald to communes and individuals, and the different pastures have names according to their respective merits.

The term Alps is not applied in Switzerland to all the mountains, as we see it in books and hear it from strangers. Here it is used to designate the pastures, and they are divided into *Forealps* and *Highalps*. The high Alps are the loftiest verdure-clad mountains, where the cows can remain only six or seven weeks in the middle of summer, and in some places only three or four. These are considered the best for milk cows. The fore Alps are the pastures lying along the base of the mountain, and in which the cows remain for some weeks before and after their sojourn in their summer residence.

Individuals who own Alps either use them exclusively for their own cattle or rent them to those who have none, receiving for each cow a certain amount of money, or a certain quantity of milk, butter, and cheese. The pastures owned by communes are exactly measured and rented to so many cattle as can be nourished within the prescribed limits. For instance, so many square rods are considered necessary for a cow, and so many for an ox, a goat, a sheep, a horse or colt. The value of the land and animals is estimated, and a fixed interest paid for each. According to the amount of interest are the agreements concerning the building of the huts, furnishing the apparatus for making cheese, &c. If the interest demanded is small, the shepherd is expected to provide these himself; but if he pays only a small interest, the owner of the pasture furnishes at least a portion of the conveniences.

The persons who take care of the herds have names for which there is no equivalent in other languages. The principal person is denominated a *Senn*. He remains always by the hut, and takes the whole care of the milk. The *Vice-Senn* is next in rank and honour, and attends to transporting the products of the dairy, to supplying the establishment with fuel, and all that they need extra in

the way of food. The third person is a sort of *Valet*, who waits upon them, and runs here and there, goes to the valleys, if necessary, and does all the cleaning outdoors and within the hut. Besides there is a cow-boy, who runs for the cows, and drives them to pasture; and if there are sheep, a shepherd is added to the company, who is in some parts called also a *Watcher*.

The hut of the Alpine shepherd cannot have changed in a thousand years, for no time, however primitive, can have seen it more simple than it is now. *Sennhütten* is the German word, and *Chalets* the French, for all those who are occupied by cheese-makers, whether they are large or small. Those which we see on the mountain-heights are of logs, notched at the ends to fit together, with a roof of the same, or of shingles, kept in their places by stones. They are accessible to both wind and rain, and having no chimney, they are black with smoke, and make no pretensions to cleanliness. The milk-room is partly underground, and very dark, and so constructed, that, if possible, it may be kept cool by rills of running water. In the principal room a fireplace is made by digging a cavity in the earth, and paving it with stones, and through a hole in the roof the smoke makes

its exit, unless, driven by a contrary wind or its own evil propensities, it chooses to spread itself through the room, which is generally the case. Over the fire is a great copper cauldron, in which the milk is always warmed before it is converted into Swiss cheese. They put in the rennet, and stir it continually for half an hour, till it is curdled. One end of a cheese strainer is held over the edge of the cauldron, and with the other the senn dips up the curds, drains them a little, and puts them immediately in the press. It is no such long process as we have seen in other countries, where the "*milk is set over night*," and perhaps does not appear in the form of curds till the middle of the next day. The hurried process, and warming of the milk, make the cheese hard, and give it a taste which our palate utterly refused to call good. By no possible training could we learn to eat cheese in Switzerland, notwithstanding their great renown. In the same smoky room with the great kettle stands a tub for whey and a butter-tub; on two poles hang the milk-pails, and on a bench stands a pail for the whey they drink instead of water. They wash the milk-apparatus in whey, and often even their own clothes. Dippers, spoons, and ladles lie upon a table, and there is.

still another tub to receive the milk, till the foam is settled.

There is a third apartment for a few pigs, which are fattened on the refuse of the milk-room, and over this a floor for a sleeping-room, where all throw themselves upon hay, and can, if they are sufficiently sentimental, contemplate the stars through the crevices in the roof.

One senn can take care of forty or fifty cows, yet there are many who have only ten or twenty. They must rise with the first ray of dawn, and with the utmost diligence cannot finish the morning's labour till nearly noon; and after the second milking, late in the afternoon, all is again to be repeated. The assistants and cow-boy must be out in all weathers; and from the day they ascend, till they are fairly down in the valleys again, there is no rest.

The cheeses are everywhere of two kinds, *fat* and *meagre*. Into the fat ones they put all the cream, and the meagre are made of skimmed milk, or that from which part of the cream has been removed. In the whole Canton of Unterwald are made more than twenty thousand hundredweights of cheese every year, each cheese weighing from twenty-two to thirty-two pounds, and the average

price being from seven to nine dollars a hundred-weight.

Besides butter and cheese they have five or six preparations from milk and whey, made by different processes of boiling and curdling, and which they denominate Zieger, Suffi, Schotte, Siste, &c., and with these, many of them make all the variations of breakfast, dinner, and supper, which they know.

It is no slight labour to turn the great cheeses every day; and the salt, instead of being put in the milk or curds, is sprinkled on the outside and rubbed in with a stiff brush. "The cheese tastes much better," they say, "when the salt penetrates it from without." As it seems to us to taste horribly as it is, we cannot tell how much worse it would be if the salt penetrated it from within, though we are well aware that in our opinion we are differing from epicures in all the civilized world.

In Unterwald the Alps are known by their names, and the number belonging to individuals which can be specified in this way are nearly two hundred, and those belonging to communes, one hundred and seventy.

Besides these are the *Allmenden*, or meadows where those pasture cows who do not use the Alps,

and who sell the milk in villages, or which are perhaps used by sennen who remain in the valleys. Still another kind are the *Rieder*, or marshy lands, which are worth very little ; the hay which is cut on them selling for fifty cents a hundredweight. They are beginning to make them more profitable by draining.

We see the people everywhere on the mountains gathering *wild hay*, which grows in places utterly inaccessible to cows and goats, and which women and children reach at the risk of their lives. They make it into large bundles, and toss it down into the valley, and then carry it on their backs to the little stalls or barns, which are scattered over the hills for the purpose of storing it. There are often severe storms even in summer, when the cattle cannot feed in the pastures, but must be housed and fed ; and often an early snow comes, which obliges them to keep under shelter many days.

We have enumerated the general features of shepherd life, but shall now and then allude to slight variations in the different cantons.

In all the Alps of Unterwald one hears at early morning and evening the call of the shepherd to prayers. He on whom the office devolves, stands always in the same place, and by means of his

Alpine horn, a sort of tunnel-shaped tube of wood, rings a peculiar series of changes, which echo far and wide, with a shrillness which only the mountain air can give. The moment it is heard, all commence their evening orisons, which sometimes consist of a few verses from the fourteenth chapter of St. John, or "Our Father who art in heaven," or "Praise God the Lord." If they are near a chapel, they enter; if not, they kneel upon the rocks.

The *Ranz des Vaches* echo from every Alpine height; but no idea can be conveyed in words of the peculiarity of these mountain choruses. They are not tunes or melodies, and are not governed by the ordinary rules of music; yet they have rules, and in their native air are thrilling beyond description. There is very little motion of the lips or mouth, and the breathing is scarcely perceptible. Their character varies in different parts of Switzerland, and corresponds to the character of the people, and also of individuals, being gay and lively, or sad and melancholy, with the temperament of the singer and the occasion which calls them forth. Sometimes two or three sing together, and keep time and tune, but it is not usual. It is the song of the solitary shepherd on the hills, and invented not for communication with men, but with the animals,

who are his life-companions. The literal translation of the French and German word is *cow rows*, and evidently refers to the manner in which the cows arrange themselves when coming at its call. Those who are in the habit of marching farthest have bells, and the moment they hear the *kuhrei* they wend their steps homewards, and are followed by all in a row.

When they ascend the mountains in the spring, or descend in the fall, it is the occasion of a grand *fête*, and they connect with it all that is possible of pomp, and show, and ceremony. For the largest and handsomest cow they have a large bell, which is selected with peculiar reference to its tone, and the two cows next to her in beauty are honoured with those a little smaller in size, but the tones of which are sure to chime with the larger one. They will sometimes pay from five to six pounds for a set of these bells, which is more than they would think they could spend for any article for their own adorning. These they are to wear only on *fête* occasions. They are hung upon an embroidered leathern band, and the cow whose neck receives the largest, immediately exhibits her consciousness of her rank and importance; and though it is removed whilst she roams in the pastures, the honour it has conferred on her of *leading the row*, when

they are called morning and evening, she never forgets, and should another attempt to assume this precedence, a regular battle follows, which the shepherd is often obliged to settle by placing the bell on her neck, that all may see that she is to be queen. She selects the best pastures, and beckons all to follow her steps. Yet it happens sometimes, that one, or two, or three cows remain during the whole summer rebellious, and are seen straying alone, in a way to show that they are jealous and dissatisfied, and acknowledge not the constituted authority.

When the morning arrives for going to the Alps, the senn, in his festival dress, and a milk-dipper slung over his shoulder, takes the lead, singing the *kuhreih*, and followed by three or four beautiful goats. In striking contrast comes the queenly cow, with her proud, conscious air, making with the two who follow her a series of chimes with their clear-ringing bells, which they evidently appreciate and endeavour to regulate by their measured steps. Reversing the order of nature, the lord of the troop follows the ladies, but the milk-stool sitting high upon his horns gives him a distinguished air, with which he seems satisfied; a sled, with all the cheese and butter-making apparatus, brings up the rear, and the young men and maidens, with wreaths and gay ribbons, dance, and

eat whey and curds together, till setting day reminds them to descend to their homes in the valley.

In the autumn a similar *fête*, with additional ceremonies, takes place, when the whole troop returns for the winter.

The rivalry of the cows will seem a fiction to those who have not witnessed it, but it is mentioned by those who wrote hundreds of years ago, and will be confirmed by every shepherd of the Alps. If they remove the bell from the queen after having once placed it upon her neck, she is dispirited, and will not eat. If they give it to another, she hooks her and persecutes her till it is restored. When they have all been milked, no one ventures to move till she has marched forward; and when they return she is first to receive the caress of their master, who pats her and talks to her as if she were human and could understand his words. That she appreciates his love is certain, for she will cross any chasm and encounter any danger to answer his call.

There is still, in the whole canton, no humming factory, no sound of hammer or loom. The products of their dairies are their only articles of commerce. In the winter they are employed in felling the trees and preparing them for firewood, and sell every year to the amount of three to five thousand pounds' worth.

The cultivated land presents a curious appearance, being divided into regular patches in the neighbourhood of the villages, and rented to individuals. It may remain in the same family for centuries, who pay an annual tax for the privilege. There are fields of wheat, and the usual variety of oats, peas, beans, and cabbage. If one dies, or moves away, his *lot* falls to the commune, and is rented to another. The grass-land is rented in the same way, but the lots are often many acres in extent. Since their introduction, potatoes have become the principal food, instead of the porridge which formerly appeared morning and evening upon the peasant's table. Bread is improved by spreading upon it cheese, toasted until it is soft; but its digestion is considered so doubtful, even among themselves, that they call it *stomach plaister*, and in a song, its merits are wittily satirized as an invention to "hold body and soul together."

The people are entirely Catholic, and the little kettle of holy water hangs, not only by every chapel and at every churchyard gate, but in every house, for the purpose of crossing themselves; the people, however, are remarkably intelligent concerning their own history and government, and none are received to the communion who cannot read and write. The law

requires all to attend school till they are twelve years of age; and in the high-school at Engelberg are taught the usual branches of an accomplished education.

Religion enters into all their *fêtes*, and these are very many. The election takes place on the last Sunday in April, and with nearly the same ceremonies as in Uri; the cantonal colours being white and red. They employ *runners* to carry into all parts of the canton the results of the election.

Their penalties for crimes and misdemeanors retain the simplicity of the olden time. Printed statute-books have yet no place in their judiciary system. They have no houses of correction for their own citizens, and say they are not rich enough to support foreign criminals who may fall among them. All who are considered incorrigible are banished, which is well for their own land, but not exactly "doing as they would be done by" for their neighbours. Sometimes the punishment is reversed, and persons are forbidden to leave the country or their own village for a certain number of years. Parents who do not "train their children in the way they should go," are placed upon a stone in a conspicuous place, with a rod in the right hand; and formerly, every one who passed by was at liberty to use it upon their backs. So late

as 1855, a father and mother were obliged to sit on this stone, with a paper fastened to them in front, on which was written, "Duty-forgetting Parents."

A person who stole a lamp was obliged to remain during service in church, under the lamp. Two children who had been guilty of stealing were placed in close confinement every night, and for three years obliged to kneel in the same place during service on Sunday morning.

In 1855, a young girl who had been guilty of immorality was obliged to kneel in church during three years in a certain place, and forbidden to leave the village on any occasion.

In 1851, a man who had with his wife been guilty of incendiarism was condemned to solitary confinement eight years. Thinking it unjust and too severe, he ran away to Berne, to complain of his judges. The government of Berne reproved him for slandering his countrymen, and obliged him to stand on a stone in a public place a quarter of an hour with a *gag* in his mouth, and then to go home. The wife and accomplice was condemned to sit a quarter of an hour on the criminal stone, whilst the bells rang and the accusation was read against her, and to kneel during Sunday service in a conspicuous place, whilst the sermon was upon the sin of incendiarism ; to spend two years in

solitary confinement, and the next four years to attend divine service morning and afternoon on Sunday and every other festival day, and not allowed to participate in any of the duties and pleasures of honourable citizens. Often the punishment is merely to be publicly proclaimed "unworthy of respect." Whether it is owing to the nature of the punishments or the nature of the people, cannot be determined, but the crimes are few, and one can scarcely imagine anything more humiliating than these simple penalties.

In 1150, before the destruction of the feudal castles, the canton was divided into *Obwald* and *Nidwald*, and each has its peculiar customs. The cantonal arms (as the reader has seen at the head of this chapter) are *keys*,—in *Obwald* a simple one and in *Nidwald* a double one; but in their early history they were always united against the common enemy. In 1798, *Nidwald* was left to struggle almost alone, and stood 2,000 against 15,000 French. Being attacked at several points, and the victory becoming doubtful, old men, women, and children marched forth, when the enemy became exasperated and delivered the land to fire and pillage. Among those who fell in battle were one hundred and two women and twenty-five children; and the loss of property, from

all causes, was three millions of pounds. What a destruction in a country only twelve square leagues in extent! A sixth part of the people were reduced to beggary. They were aided generally by their brethren in Obwald, and even by France herself after the war was over, to recover from their misfortunes. And it was at this time that the renowned *Pestalozzi* established a school in Stanz, the capital of the canton, beginning at first with eighty of these orphan children. Here he first tested his original method of teaching, which soon spread over Europe.

The guilds are retained merely as fraternal associations, and in Obwald one unites the members of all trades, holding only one annual festival. In Nidwald, the tailors and shoemakers recognise for their patron saint the Holy St. Crispin, and call themselves *Crispinians*. The patron saints of locksmiths and weavers, and all trades that "hammer and thump," are Holy Francis Xavier and Johann of Nepomuk. The Holy St. Joseph is the patron of silversmiths and goldbeaters; and all have their special days of celebration, usually in autumn or at the time of carnival.

St. Wendelin and St. Antoine are the protectors of shepherds, and their *fête*, as we have said, is on the return of the troops to the valleys. On Sunday they

place an image of their patron upon the altar; a sermon is preached in praise of pastoral life, and they march through the streets with music and colours, and bearing prodigious artificial bouquets. Three persons, disguised as "*genii of the mountains*," sweep the streets in advance of the procession with great branches of pine. The origin of these *wild men*, as they call them, is not known, but they probably date from the time when good and evil spirits were supposed to people earth and air and water. They all meet at an inn for a dinner, when speeches are made interweaving events of their history, and the *wild men* make a formal present to the Capuchins, who are always present, of two little cheeses, weighing about two pounds, and so dry and hard that they cannot be eaten, and receive gifts in return. After dinner, the procession forms again, and a distribution of valuable gifts is made to the poor. The second day are dances and other sports. The festival is called the "*Alperkilwi*."

The wrestling matches, which have become so famous, originated in Unterwald, and are still their especial national *fête*. On the 26th of July and the 10th of August, they assemble upon different heights of the Alps, and in the midst of a concourse of spectators perform various feats of wrestling, which

require much skill and practice. There are ten methods of throwing an adversary. Each is allowed three trials, and he who brings his adversary upon his back twice in the three times, is victor. Their costume is but a slight addition to that of nature, as their limbs must be allowed the freest play. On meeting, they shake hands, and exchange congratulations and wishes of success. In one village of Berne and one of Luzerne are held similar *fêtes*, when wrestlers from the three cantons enter the lists as rivals.

There exist associations of women, who endeavour to understand the spiritual and mystical, called "Götti," and innumerable "brotherhoods," for all manner of study and pleasure, besides pilgrimages to Einsiedeln, with banners and crosses, and the ordinary festivals of the Catholic Church.

Some legend or superstition is linked with every village, valley, and chapel; and the land, not being so extensively rumaged by travellers, retains more of its primitive simplicity. Engelberg, they say, was formerly inhabited by evil spirits, who were driven forth by the angels, and thus received its name.

Drachenried, near Stanz, was once the abode of a monstrous serpent, which became so formidable that the inhabitants abandoned the valley and gave it the

name of *Oedwyl*, a wilderness or desolate place. There had lived in the land a valiant man, who had distinguished himself in the wars and been made chevalier, but having the misfortune to kill another in a duel, he was banished, as this was then a crime, because it deprived the state of a brave man. In his exile he heard of the ravages of the serpent, and begged permission to return upon condition that he should slay the monster. It was granted. He entered the valley, attacked the serpent, and finally destroyed him by thrusting a lance armed with thorns down his throat. But in the combat he received a wound which terminated his own life. A chapel was erected to his memory, and on its walls we read, TO STRUTH VON WINKELRIED.

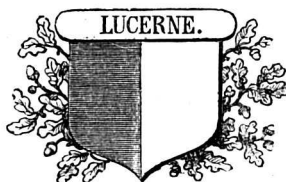
At certain times of the year, the names of all those who have fallen in battle or the service of their country are mentioned in church, that the youth may grow up with a knowledge of the sacrifices which purchased them their present blessings.

In Unterwald, one misses the milestones and sign-posts which in other parts of Switzerland stand by every high road and mountain path. When we ask, "Why is this?" they say, "It was the ancient law, that travellers should be guided on their way by the people free of charge." Whether it is the law

now or not, it is the custom, and one they seem to enjoy rather than to consider a burden.

It is a continual source of wonder, why the people in the different cantons should be so unlike in some respects and in others so nearly resemble each other. There will appear now and then a custom common to the whole country, and another confined to one little valley or district.

In the story of the destruction of the castles, we read that the surprise was effected by a young girl admitting her lover to her room by a ladder, and an English guide-book remarks, that this is still the fashion of receiving lovers in Switzerland. Reference is had to the manner of wooing, which in some cantons is called "*Lichtgetren*," in others "*Dorfen*" and "*Stubetegetren*," and answers to the old-fashioned *going a courting* in England. The customs connected with it vary in different cantons, but exist in some form in all except two or three, which will be noticed elsewhere.



CHAPTER V.

LUCERNE.

ANCIENT LAWS AND CUSTOMS—CITY OF LUCERNE—SOCIAL LIFE—
ASCENT OF THE RHIGI—ANCIENT PROCESSION—WEDDINGS.

LUCERNE is the fourth of the forest cantons lying on the sea, and so early as 768 was known as a city.

In no country are the chronicles so abundant as in Switzerland. Centuries before the art of printing was known, they were in the habit of preserving a record of events, not only to be placed in archives, but as heirlooms for the family. They present a most curious compendium of the history of the social development of the people. We read not only the acts of government concerning "state and diplomatic affairs," but its attention to the most minute of social duties, the details of dress, and the preparation of dinners.

The city of Lucerne has now a population of more than ten thousand, but the canton is much larger than

during the days of its early history. The name is said to be derived from the Latin word *lucerna*, meaning a lantern, which was hung by the water for the boatmen who went up and down in the night. It remained in possession of the monks, to whom it was secured by France, till the thirteenth century, when they sold twenty castles and bailifdoms, "with all rights and privileges pertaining thereto," to Rudolph of Hapsburg. When the three cantons were at war with Austria, Lucerne was continually involved in their quarrels, till at length, weary of the tyranny of the bailiffs, it formed an alliance with Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald, making the four forest cantons, which henceforth stood side by side in their struggles for independence.

It has been the custom from the earliest times to preserve all trophies of victories, and to repeat the names of those who have deserved their country's gratitude, in order to be sure that the children grow up with a knowledge of these things. Among them is an old stove, which stood in the guild-room of the Butchers in 1332, when some patricians planned to deliver the city to the Austrians. A little boy had heard their plot accidentally, but was made to swear that he would not reveal it; yet, determined to save his country, he escaped and ran to the guild-room,

where several butchers were assembled, and without speaking to any one made the following address to the stove:—"O stove, I say to thee, that there are armed men, who plot to massacre all who counselled alliance with the three cantons. I have sworn to tell no person, so I make thee my confidant, O stove!" The alarm was immediately given, and the city saved.

The battle of Sempach was on their soil, and never a year has failed to see it celebrated with all due pomp and ceremony.

The whole canton is Catholic, and some eight or ten monasteries still exist, though many have from time to time been secularized by the government.

Lucerne took the lead in the war of the *Sonderbund* in 1847, in opposition to the Federal Government; and was for many years governed herself by an oligarchy, composed of patricians, who oppressed the people and kept the country subject to the city. But in 1848 they submitted to the new Federal Government, and revised their own constitution after the most democratic model.

The Jesuits endeavoured to obtain possession of the schools, but were expelled by a majority of the people; and the state has ever kept the priesthood in subjection, in defiance of all the thunders of the

Vatican. In 1370, in order that the clergy should not be controlled by any foreign power, a law was enacted requiring every clergyman to swear "to consult no foreign judge, either spiritual or worldly, on penalty of losing all protection of the law and all the enjoyments and privileges of society." In 1609 a tax was levied on all ecclesiastical property, against which the Pope, priests, and cloisters protested; yet the government remained firm, and so late as the eighteenth century, we read of the clergy being publicly reprov'd and punished by law, in spite of a bull from Rome. Yet the people are not less devotedly attached to their religion than their freedom, and would defend both with their lives.

There is a school in every commune, and in the city various institutions for pursuing the study of the higher branches of education. The fine arts are more cultivated than in any other canton, and music and painting diffused more generally among all classes of society.

There is more affability in Lucerne among the people, and pleasant reunions for sociality more common than in the other cities. They are said to have originated in 1690 by a family who had three sons in France in military service, and who, when they returned, introduced Parisian habits. They

had every week little unceremonious parties, and dinners upon the same principle, where eating and drinking were not the one grand consideration, but conversation and innocent amusement. We read in their chronicles, that before the year 1700 they began to have curtains to the beds and windows, to have mirrors and pictures in the parlours, and the chairs cushioned and painted.

Specimens of the old houses without chimneys, the roofs with shingles and great stones, and little panes of glass a few inches in circumference, are still to be seen; but the new ones are large, with good fireplaces and windows, which make the rooms light and pleasant. Everywhere in these four cantons the walls and ceiling overhead have panels instead of plaister, and are painted white, or pink, or yellow, according to the taste of the owners. The paint is often of the most beautiful brilliancy, shining like glass, and gives a remarkably neat appearance, as it is more easily kept clean than paper or stucco.

Meat is not yet common among the country people, except on Sundays and festival days. Oatmeal porridge was formerly a great dish, and the usual breakfast and dinner of the peasantry; now they add roast potatoes and milk, and among those in

comfortable circumstances coffee is drunk three times a day. For dinner they have potatoes, fruit, pear or apple sauce, bread and milk, and sometimes in the evening bread and cider.

It was a Spanish minister who introduced coffee in the seventeenth century, and sugar was known immediately afterwards. Tea is not mentioned till 1666, but beer so early as 1590, and is now very common everywhere. In 1687 it is recorded they began to *drink* tobacco, as it was then universally denominated, instead of smoking, and the peasantry are always to be seen with a pipe in their mouths, the same as in Germany.

They are not an entirely pastoral people, but a portion of them are devoted to agriculture; and great enterprise has been displayed in draining marshes and bringing water to irrigate sandy soil. In 1806 the Lake of Sempach was dug many feet deeper, to win land upon its shores; and since then two or three others have been brought into narrow limits in the same way.

The canton is twelve leagues in length and ten in breadth, and the cattle within its limits are estimated at about three hundred thousand, and the cheese at one hundred thousand, pounds sterling. These cantons, on an average, are not so large

as the counties in the different States of America, yet what a population of men and animals is concentrated within their borders! Everywhere are to be seen great fields of rye and great orchards of fruit, and the modern improvements in agriculture are very generally adopted.

There are more manufactures than in the other forest cantons, though not so many as in Zurich, but several for gloves and paper, and in the country the leisure is devoted to braiding straw.

The first printing-press in Switzerland was established in Lucerne in 1410, and from here one was transferred to Paris by a Swiss, in whose honour the French hold a *fête* every year at Sarbonne.

The guilds no longer exist in the canton except as associations for improvement and the convenience of festivals, every person being allowed to make shoes or print books, sell tape or dispense "apothecary stuff," according to his taste or interest; and the forests are also free to all who wish to hunt.

We ascended the Righi from the village of Weggis, which belongs to Lucerne, though from its position one would think it should belong to Schwytz, as do all the other points from which paths lead, culminating at the top. Our guide was the personification of good nature, and had a bright,

intelligent face, so that we chatted with him for very pleasure. Those were his father's cows in the pastures through which we passed, and the merry chime of their bells inspired him to sing for us the *Ranz des Vaches*, and the echoes rang far and wide among the hills. They did not make cheese, but sold the milk, as the number of cows they owned was not enough to make it the most profitable. He owned two horses, on one of which we were being jolted and jagged; and did scarcely anything else in the summer but accompany travellers on the mountain. "And what do you do in the winter?" we asked. "I cut wood to sell."—"Do you own a wood-lot?" "Yes; several."—"Have you a wife?" "Yes, eine Frau und drei Kinder" (a wife and three children).—"And what do they?" "My wife spins cotton sometimes and combs silk." This we afterwards heard was the employment of many in this village, where there are pretty cottages with green blinds; a three-story schoolhouse, also painted white; and blooming gardens, in which flourish chestnuts, almonds, and figs, because they are sheltered from all winds in a little niche of the mountain. The silk is brought from Italy, and distributed in all the forest cantons to be prepared for the weavers of Zurich and Bale. We see people

with great packs of it on their shoulders, or hanging by the windows in *hanks*, threads and *snarls* of it lying on the floor, as we have been accustomed to see tow, and this we may also see in Lucerne.

About half a mile from the top of the mountain is the Chapel of Maria, of the *Kalt-bad*, derived from a cold spring, which bursts from the earth near by, called the *Sister's Born*, and concerning which the legend says, that in the time of William Tell, three sisters fled from the tyranny of the Austrian bailiff, and hid in a cave on the Righi. Not even the shepherds knew of their concealment. They lived on roots and berries, and drank water. In the valley they were quite forgotten, and believed to be dead. But one day three stars appeared over this place and stood still, filling the heavens with their brightness. They visited the spot, and found the bodies of the sisters.

A peasant once saw a dragon flying from the Righi to the Pilatus, and something monstrous fell from under his wings. He went to the spot and found a large stone, which to this day has wonderful healing powers.

The Pilatus is still higher than the Righi, and more wonderful in its history and traditions. By the people it is believed to derive its name from

Pontius Pilate, whose remorse drove him to this solitary place, whence he plunged into the lake. It is the special abode of pigmies, dragons, and evil spirits.

At one time there lived on one of its heights a rich man named Klaus. He had a poor cousin, whose daughter, Magdalen, came to him one day, saying, her mother was sick, and wanted a piece of cheese. He refused, and sent her away. She had a lover, named Alois, who kept his herds on a neighbouring hill. She went to him, and he gave her all he had; but as she descended a steep, she made a false step, and her cheese went rolling to the bottom of the valley. She sat down and wept bitterly; but a slight pull at her sleeve caused her to look up, and she saw a little man, in a green coat and long beard, with a piece of cheese on his shoulder, and some mountain-weed in his hand. It was the hour of twilight, and he spoke softly to her, and said: "I know what has happened to you; take this cheese, and make of this weed a tea for your sick mother, and she will be well. Be patient, and you will have your cheese again." He vanished, and Magdalen hurried home to her mother, for whom she made the tea, and saw her immediately restored to health. When they cut the cheese, they found it gold. With this, they

purchased large Alpine pastures. Magdalen became the wife of Alois, and they lived to see the old miser as poor as they had been.

The stories are innumerable of the revenge of the pigmies upon those who hurt chamois and catch fish in the lake. A bailiff of Lucerne, in 1592, swore on his conscience that he had always longed to see a pigmy; and one day, when he was fishing for trout at the foot of the Pilatus, something jumped upon his neck and pushed him into the water, saying, "You also destroy and drive away my animals." He succeeded in reaching the shore again, but was always lame.

The steamers which ply on the lake belong also to a company in Lucerne. They are very pretty and neatly finished. The captain of one of them told us, that they take on an average above a hundred pounds sterling every summer from passengers alone. To go through from one extreme of the lake to the other, making the usual stops by the way, requires five hours, and there are four daily boats. In winter, there is only one, for the mail. The captain said his salary was equal to eighty-six pounds English a year.

We experienced here one of those instances of exaction for which the people have become so famous, and which impartiality requires us to record, though

those instances were few, as far as we are concerned.

Having walked about the city, we arrived at the boat before some other members of our party, and wishing to be sure to see them the instant they appeared, we seated ourselves on the portion of the deck devoted to second-class passengers. Very soon we were rudely ordered to rise, and the bench was taken away. We moved to another quarter, and soon received the same command in the rudest accents, accompanied by the rudest manner. They pretended to need all the deck for some horses, which were being transported also over the St. Gotthard. At length we took a movable chair, and made ourselves comfortable in a little nook by the stairs. From this we were almost pushed overboard, and at the same time informed that only first-class passengers were allowed those seats. We now for the first time understood the motive of so much insolence. From strangers they expected the first-class price, and determined to have it by obliging us to go to the first-class deck. This was proved soon afterwards by some peasants taking the same seats and retaining them unmolested. We had not thought of remaining among the horses, cows, and *Bauersleute*, any longer than till our friends should arrive; but not liking

compulsion in a matter which should leave each person free, we determined to remain, and demanded a seat. It was granted; but when the fare was collected, we were presented a *first-class ticket*, and only just before we were to land, so that there was no time for parley or proof. Besides, no person would think of resisting a second time in Switzerland, whatever injustice he might experience, unless he was willing to stay for a regular court trial, which, we have no doubt, would decide justly even to the uttermost farthing. But the people have lost none of their warlike propensities, and in all their quarrels, with one another or with strangers, their first impulse is, to "knock everybody down." In one of the Zurich journals we saw a remonstrance against the company who manage the Berne and Thun Railroad, which forms a line with the boats to Interlaken and through the Lake Brienz. The custom was to give return-tickets to persons making excursions, and these had been refused. In the course of the discussion it came out that they had made a mistake. Their usual discrimination had failed, and they had denied to some of their own countrymen an accommodation they intended only to deny to strangers.

While our fairylike boat is dancing on the waters, we are reminded of a grand nautical procession which

took place on this same little lake more than two centuries ago, when a deputation was sent from Lucerne to meet the representatives from Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald, who were to have also in their company the deputies from Valois, to form or to cement their federal alliance. It was the grandest affair for those times of which we find any record, and the remembrance of it is still honoured among their festivals.

In two large boats embarked the honourable members of the council and servants of the government. In twelve smaller ones, bearing the names of the twelve months of the year, were other distinguished persons; and as a guard of the little flotilla, two hunting ships. The officers on board each wore the federal colours, and upon the ships of honour were twelve little boys in the oldest costume of the country, and long plumes waving from their little black caps. Flags were flying upon every tower and pinnacle of the city, and six hundred soldiers stood upon the bridges and wharves to fire salutes upon their departure. In the midst of great rejoicings they set sail, the two hunting ships in front, followed by the first ship of honour, and six of the second rank. Then the second ship of honour, with the remaining six in its rear. So they sailed to

the little town of Altstadt, where they met their guests, who immediately came on board, and they returned, having the large ships in the centre, with the six smaller ones forming a half moon on each side.

On arriving again on shore a procession was formed with banners and music, conducting them through all the streets, the little boys always in front. For supper they were disposed in two hotels with six members of the council in each party. The next morning, at six o'clock, all were again in grand procession, with trumpets, and drums, and music, on their way to the collegiate church, to consecrate their alliance by solemn religious ceremonies. The banners of seven states were arranged round the altar, which was also beautifully decorated. The music was performed by eight instruments and a choir of voices, and twelve pieces of artillery announced the commencement of service. A sermon was preached by the high priest, and then the oath administered to the deputies with their hands on the holy book. When this is finished the bells peal forth, the artillery is again fired, and a *Te Deum* sung, and the procession again moves forth to the Council House, where the long mantles of the magistrates are removed by servants, and they descend to

the *cornhouse* underneath to partake of the grand dinner given on the occasion. Here in a great hall are sixteen tables set wholly with silver. Nothing can be more curious than the details of such a dinner, but we have room for only a few. The servants were some of them merely to occupy posts of honour in different parts of the room, and others to wait and tend. In all, they numbered *twelve hundred and seventeen!*

The guests remained three days, and the dinner was every day equally sumptuous. The several courses are chronicled with all the minutiae of venison, fish, and poultry. The items of one dinner will give an idea of an entertainment of this kind in those economical times when people did not spend their money foolishly, but lived in beautiful simplicity!

First dinner—first course.

Twenty-two principal dishes ; side dishes, two peacocks, twelve Welsh hens, eight English pies, twenty-four boiled capons with sausages, twenty-four dove-soups, twenty-four tongues with sausages, twenty-four marrow-tarts, twenty-four mixed dishes of veal, twenty-four of venison, twenty-four of fowl, and twenty-four of beef.

Second course. Six Welsh pies, twelve large

stuffed stag-joints, eight joints of venison, twenty-four roast capons, twenty-four dishes of roast fowl, twenty-four of game, seventy-two dishes of something of which we can by no inquiry or study learn the name or composition, twenty-four dishes of salad, twenty-four of plums.

Third course. Six plates of sugar-work, consisting of two castles, two triumphal arches, and two wall-fish; eight cold game-pies, eight fancy puff-cakes, twenty-four almond-tarts, twenty-four of crabs, twenty-four of sugar-bread, twenty-four of candy-confectionary, seventy-two of different sugar-work cakes.

To each course were two hundred and fourteen dishes, besides the wine and beer, and each day saw an equal number. When the "gracious Herren" had been feasted three days after this fashion, and the whole city had been put in requisition to do them honour, they returned home, no doubt highly gratified with the attention paid them; if not, they must have been very difficult to please.

The number of festivals in modern times has somewhat diminished, but there are still very many.

The *Kirchweih*, or church consecration, which is still celebrated in some form in all Catholic communities in Germany and Switzerland, we find to have been of much more consequence in the early times,

and to have cost the city every year eight hundred dollars. Now it is reduced to a simple procession and dance.

The shooting festivals originated in 1452 and continued till the seventeenth century, when they were allowed to fall into disuse; but in the eighteenth century they are again revived in more than their original consequence.

New Year's Day is scarcely noticed. Christmas, which is everywhere else celebrated on the 25th of December, is solemnized in Lucerne on the 6th, Michaelmas Day,—for what reason we cannot learn. Those who go from house to house to inquire concerning the behaviour of children are a procession of boys, one of whom is arrayed as a bishop, accompanied by two angels, followed by a person dressed in black with his face painted of the same colour. He carries also a black bag, and threatens all naughty children to tie them up and carry them off. But this is being superseded by the simple custom of placing gifts upon a table to surprise the little folks in the morning.

The harvest, threshing, raising and taking possession of a new house, are marked by some festal scene.

Nearly all the peasant-marriages take place at carnival, and most of them also on Monday. If they

come from a neighbouring village to church, the bells announce the arrival of the procession, and a curious spectacle of old and new fashioned vehicles, with people in all manner of gala dresses, presents itself. The bride enters first with wreath and white apron; an old woman follows her, who is mistress of ceremonies, and who is called *Gelbe*, or yellow woman. She has on her arm a basket, in order to take the bridal wreath after the ceremony. Next come the women of the party. Behind them is the bridegroom in a black mantle, his hat in his hand and a little knot of flowers on the top of his head; then the men of the party. Mass is said, and music gives the signal for the bridal pair to stand before the altar. After being pronounced husband and wife, they return to an inn for merry making, which is commenced by the bridegroom dancing three times with the bride, when the *yellow woman* takes the bridal wreath and the bouquet of the bridegroom and throws them upon the fire, and derives from the manner in which they burn an omen of happiness or unhappiness for their future life. She then presents each guest with a pocket-handkerchief from the bride, and receives for her gifts in return. They each drink and are merry till night, when the immediate neighbours accompany the bride to her new home. She is then

confided to the *yellow woman*, who remains a long time with her in secret council, and fulfils the office of *femme de chambre*.

The *Kiltgang* is the universal mode of wooing; the lover visiting his betrothed in the evening, to be pelted on the way by all mischievous urchins; or if he is seated quietly with her by the winter fire, they are sure to be serenaded by all manner of *cat voices* under the window, which are continued till he issues forth, perhaps at dawn in the morning; and however long may be a courtship, these *catawaulings* are the invariable attendants, and not the most lamentable consequences of those nightly visits, recognised however as entirely respectable and conventional in every canton.

But there is one custom, which is peculiar to Lucerne, and which is mentioned in the oldest descriptions of the people. Like many another, it is also confined to one part of the canton, and distinguishes the people of Entlibuch in the southern limits, where they are said to be the liveliest, wittiest, and gayest of all the people in Switzerland. They indulge in a continued series of gymnastics, theatricals, masquerades, and poesies. They quarrel very often, but make peace again immediately, because they do not like the interference of courts and lawyers. Being

given to amusing themselves at others' expense, they learn also to bear ridicule without danger.

After divine service on the last Monday of carnival, they assemble before the townhouse in each *commune* to listen to a poem, which is recited by some village wit, and the special object of which is to satirize the follies and foibles of any person who may have subjected himself to such reproof; and often it is many instead of one, who see themselves thus portrayed. No names are called, and the whole may be a caricature, yet each one recognises himself, and is at the same time recognised by all. The poet arrives on horseback in some strange costume, and wearing a great hat ornamented with flowers and looking-glasses. The magistrates receive him and offer him wine as testimony of honour. He then descends from his horse, and taking from his bosom a large paper bearing the seal of Entlibuch, begins his recital. However severely any one may be lashed, he makes no demonstration, but the orator is said to make sure of his way home before the sun has set; else he might experience tangible proof of the revenge of some luckless swain.

CHAPTER VI.

ZUG.

PLEASANT CUSTOM—CHURCHYARD—FIRST BATTLE FOR FREEDOM
—HOME SICKNESS OF SWISS SOLDIERS—WITCHCRAFT—FORMS
OF PUNISHMENT.

ZUG is a "very little city," so small that one can scarcely believe it has the honour to be an "independent republic." On the map it is altogether an invisible power. One enters its territory, and, before he can think, is out of it, unless he decides to stop by the way. This almost any one would be tempted to do who should happen to be greeted in their friendly way, in some lone place, without knowing that it is the custom, and practised the same for all.

Wherever they meet a stranger they offer him the hand, and in so cordial a manner that one is troubled to know how to receive it. Our first experience of it was when walking in the street, as some little girls came running out of school, and one after the other each offered her hand, looking very playful and a

little mischievous, as if they thought it were an old fashioned custom which we should not understand, and yet which they could not neglect. We did not understand, to be sure, but thought at first they were little beggars asking for pennies, but soon learned, that they were little friends, who knew us at a glance to be strangers, and gave us this pleasant welcome. We returned it as cordially, and they ran skipping, and hopping, and laughing, away. But it is something to be treasured for ever in the memory, and disposes us so kindly to the people that we are in danger of shutting our eyes to all their faults.

There is a quiet cheerfulness in their manners, which is different from the gaiety of Entlibuch and the vivacity of the inhabitants of the Muottathal, but which is not less charming. They are Catholics, like their neighbours, but less superstitious, though not less devout. The cemetery testifies to the honour they pay the dead, and the taste which characterizes the living. Almost every grave is a flower-bed, kept always in the freshest bloom, and the gilt cross which marks its head is hung with wreaths. Each grave has also some testimonial to the honourable birth and condition of those who repose beneath. They have adopted for their government one which gives the utmost freedom, but have lost none of their

respect for "old families." This is observable everywhere in Switzerland, and in some cases amounts to most ridiculous inconsistency and folly. There can be no sin and no harm in possessing a long line of noble ancestors, but, as Bulwer somewhere says, "It is the founder of a family who is most honoured," he who by some striking and noble deed first won renown; and it is equally true, that it is often the last of a noble name who least deserves respect.

In this little churchyard armorial bearings are to be seen upon the humblest tomb. There is here no such rushing tide of human events to wash away the past with its memories as we see in the New World, and no such opportunity to acquire influence in a new way. They therefore cling to the old, and rest their pride on what their fathers did, instead of doing something for themselves.

It was the soil of this little canton which first received the baptismal blood of freedom at Morgarten; her sons have ever been among the bravest in every land, and she has gone hand in hand in all things with the forest cantons, yet, from some reason, she is far less known, and her name appears not so often in song and story.

There are still ruins of old castles on the mountain crests, but they have shown a utilitarian spirit we

have not elsewhere observed, in transferring the stones of one to build a school-house in the city. It is composed almost entirely of the old walls of Hünenburg, and has stood in its present form and capacity since 1714. The story of the destruction of Waldenburg is related elsewhere, but there is another version of it among the traditions of the people, which shows equally the rudeness of the times and the hatred of those who ruled over them.

The servant was one day sent to market to buy meat. When a piece was cut for him, he said it was not such an one as would please his master. The butcher asked him to mark the place from which he should take a slice, and his hand was no sooner stretched forth in obedience to the request than it was severed by the axe and thrown with the meat into the basket. "Now, see if that suits your lord," was the injunction with which he went howling home. The Lord of Waldenburg swore vengeance against the city, but the time was past when his oaths caused the people to tremble. He was himself afraid, and fled to Zurich, taking care to conceal his way by having the shoes on his horse's feet turned backwards.

At the battle of Sempach the might of Austria was broken, and the family of Hünenburg, which

was also that of Waldenburg, hung no more together. Many laid aside their family name and became burghers of the city, and others emigrated to distant lands. Having lost their importance, they preferred not to remain where they would be reminded of their lost power, and sold all that was left to them, to become exiles and strangers in the homes of their fathers.

In Zug the people bought the land inch by inch. Every one who contributed became a member of the commune, and those who had no money gave a bed, a kettle, a little grain, some clothes, the most trifling object they could part with, the smallest piece of coin, it was the price of their freedom; and the names of women and little children appear on the list of those who would thus purchase themselves for ever free from feudal tenure.

In 1435 a third part of the city was submerged in the sea. A slight shock from an earthquake had previously produced large fissures in the walls, and made the houses tremble, so that the people had left the shore of the lake; but, no further evil consequences ensuing, they returned one day, and the same night the water covered them. The superstitious said, "fish had undermined the foundations," and the story is not yet quite obsolete. A cradle

was found floating on the water the next morning with a little boy lying snugly in its pillows, unconscious of the calamities which had deprived him of home and friends, and equally so that he was not rocking for his own pleasure on the waves. He afterwards became mayor of the city.

War and pestilence have also swept over them, and from the battle of St. Jacob, to which two hundred had gone from Zug, not one returned. But nothing could wean them from the love of arms; and it has been often the case, that so many have been absent in foreign lands that not enough were left to till the soil and perform the necessary mechanical labour. Of the two thousand eight hundred, who went into the service of Venice against the Grand Turk in 1688, all but one hundred and seventy-eight died of pestilence and home-sickness. They were not allowed to form separate corps under their own colours, and it broke their hearts. Zurlauben, the leader of one brave company of two hundred men, came with nineteen and a soiled banner home.

The same custom obtains, as in the forest cantons, of repeating in church at certain periods the names of those who had fallen in battle, or on any field died gloriously.

The *home-sickness*, of which we read in the

regiments of France, was not confined to them alone. In every country they pine for their mountains, and the *Ranz des Vaches*, when sung on the plains of Italy or to the time of the "gondola's dipping oar," had the same influence as in the gardens of Paris. They would become emaciated, and in a few days exhibit all the effects of a long illness. It is a wonderful proof of mind over body; for there could be no affectation in their case. It was a prostration which they could not control; but often, the assurance that the next day they should have the money to go home, gave a man strength to rise and walk. The musical *Kuhreihen* has no words; but one who has seen the Alpine shepherds with their flocks can easily imagine the thoughts that would accompany the notes in a foreign land. An English poet has clothed them in the following rhymes:—

I.

"Oh, when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore!
O when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?"

II.

“When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
 Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet ?
 The lamb and the heifers that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother,
 And dear Isabella, the joy of them all ?
 O when shall I visit the land of my birth,
 ’Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth ?”

I.

“Ah, when shall I see once more
 All the objects I adore !
 Our limpid *rills*,
 Our hills, our vills,
 Our mounts sublime !
 Pride of our clime,
 The so gentle *Isabeau* !
 Beside the Elm—beside its flow,
 Again when shall I on the ground
 Dance to the reeds’ delightful sound ?

II.

“Ah, when shall I see once more
 All the objects I adore—
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother—
 My lambkin’s caress—
 Spread over the mead,
 My flocks at feed,—
 My shepherdess !
 Ah, when shall I see once more
 All the objects I adore ?”

The canton is but little more than ten square leagues in extent, and yet has a population greater

than Uri, which is four times its size; and they are nearly all a pastoral people. On many of the old houses are quaint inscriptions and hideous paintings, which contrast strangely with the modern life of the people. There are few traces of the ancient costume, except on *fête* days, when the maidens appear in their green petticoats and red stockings, with knots of ribbons and gay streamers, and the dance does not interfere with their religion, or jar with their devotions. Their festivals, and the principal features of life, are the same as in the forest cantons; but in the days that are past, those dark days of superstition and ignorance, the little Zug was even more guilty than they, in accusing falsely and inventing tortures.

The belief in witches is the most marvellous of all human infatuation; and the funeral pile of the Hindoo, and the crushing wheel of the Juggernaut, have no more revolting history than the dungeons and guillotines of every Christian land in the seventeenth century. It was not enough that they were cut off by the sword, by famine, and pestilence, they were murdered by hundreds on their own free soil. In the course of two months in the year 1660 more than two thousand, were burnt for this imaginary crime in this one little canton.

In 1737, a weak-minded young girl, only seven-

teen years old, returned from a visit to Lucerne, where she was honoured by a conference with the Jesuits, and represented herself as a witch. This gave her the power to testify against others, and in consequence of her base assertion, ten persons were condemned to death; eight of whom were women, one aged seventy years, and another only eighteen. Six of them were burnt or strangled after having their flesh torn with glowing tongs. Those who confessed themselves guilty, experienced sometimes an alleviation of their punishment. One old woman, who would not confess, was thrown into a dungeon little better than a grave, where she was also put to the torture, and where she finally died of cold and hunger.

Many of those instruments of torture are still to be seen, and it is not very many years since some of them were used, though not to punish witchcraft. The rooms are still in the darkness of night. No ray from without penetrated them when witches were their tenants, and neither the beams of day nor the light of Christian sympathy and knowledge have ameliorated the condition of those who are now condemned to punishment in the old "Kaiben tower." The cells are a sort of wooden chests, perfectly dark; and in order that criminals who occupy them may

preserve no knowledge of time, those who bring food, and who must necessarily have a lamp or candle in order to grope their way, are commanded to enter at irregular hours, but to come all seasons of day and night, till there is to the miserable victim no more morning, no sun nor moon, no brightness and no shadow, only one long dreary duration. One can almost imagine the wheel and the thumbscrew to be pleasant relief to such an existence.

These creditable inventions of the golden age of simplicity are still here; and also a sort of basket called the "witches' tub," into which they were crowded and screwed to indescribable anguish. There are also the great timbers for crushing, the pulleys for adjusting the apparatus in the nicest manner, and three great stones, the largest two hundred pounds in weight, for suspending to the limbs as a last resort for those who would not confess themselves guilty of a crime of which they knew not the meaning. The bastinado is also here, but the wreath of iron spikes, and the boards for stretching the body, and the cramping-irons to fasten it, are considered unworthy the patronage of modern philanthropists. These punishments are for those guilty of ordinary misdemeanours; incorrigible criminals are sent to Zurich, and formerly many were transported to the

galleys of Italy. Not long ago a man was chained to the walls of his own house ; and yet Zug is not a day's journey from Berne, where exists a prison so perfectly combining punishment with humanity and reform.

The cantonal colours of Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich are the same, blue and white, but differ in the arrangement. In Zug, a blue stripe passes through a field of white on their shield, and on the *Landweibel* the dress is blue around the shoulders, and below entirely white, with a blue stripe down behind. The election takes place on the first Sunday in May, and the Landamman remains in office two years. The age of citizenship is nineteen years, and though entirely Catholic, they do not allow their monks any part in the affairs of the government. The principal articles of their constitution date to the fourteenth century ; and in 1814 they were peremptory in demanding that it should be *written*, in order to feel secure, and their constitution is now one of the best in Switzerland.

There are nine parishes and four convents, in which are educated many priests for the rest of Switzerland. The girls in the Catholic cantons are said to be more universally educated than in the Protestant cantons ; though this education is very

limited. They are taught to read and write by the nuns, and many kinds of needlework, which is certainly better than nothing ; and we hear it very often asserted that they are also more moral. The reason of this may be, that the standard of housekeeping and *comfort* is not so high. They do not wait till they are rich, or are sure of a competence, before marrying ; and this is true of every country, and especially of cities. Where society demands, of all who are *passable*, a certain style in order to move in a certain rank, those who cannot afford it preserve their rank and sacrifice their honour.

From Zug there is also a large emigration of young men to other cantons, who wish to engage in trade or industry for which opportunity is not furnished at home. They have always distinguished themselves as soldiers, and have furnished a creditable number to the ranks of authors and men of letters. These are not so many in the forest and central cantons as in the north and west, but yet none of them are without their artists, poets, and historians.* It was Louis Pfiffer, a Swiss general, native of Lucerne,

* A book has just been published in Zurich, "Lives of Distinguished Men, Natives of Switzerland," which we commend to those who think Switzerland has produced no great men. It is curious so many pens should have set to work this last year to do justice to the little republic.

who, with his six thousand soldiers, saved Catharine Medicis, her son, and all the royal household, and led them safely from Maux to Paris. It was a native of the same canton who made the first dictionary of Swiss dialects, and another who produced the first *bas-reliefs* of Swiss scenery, now so common. One of their musicians was master and composer to Prince Conti, and another, in 1720, was one of the best organists of Europe.

In Canton Schwytz, among their heroes the name of Reding is most conspicuous, and some one of the family distinguished himself in every Swiss battle. One of them also made a memorable address at the Council of Constance. The learning of Paraclese was nearly unparalleled; and the volumes of Raymaun are still invaluable to those who would write of ancient history and diplomacy. The poets and painters are also numerous. We find in the lives of nearly all these men remarkable and interesting incidents exhibiting their moral heroism in overcoming obstacles, their struggles with poverty, their sufferings and trials in painful positions, which are the surest proofs of the genius which inspired them. Our plan and limits do not admit of our relating these things, but so much we cannot help seeing and saying, that

the air of republicanism is not the miasma it has been represented, blighting to every germ of talent, and covering with mildew all the fruits of genius. It cannot be true, because it is contrary to all the laws of God and nature that freedom should not be a healthful sustenance for the soul of man.

CHAPTER VII.

VALOIS.

CROSSING THE FURKA—RHONE GLACIER—INN—MANUFACTURES
AND AGRICULTURE—LOVE OF LIBERTY—CRETINISM.

THE ancients used to say, the Rhone came "out of eternal night," but we know now that it comes from three little springs more than five thousand feet above the sea, but which unite and soon disappear under the great mass of snow and ice denominated the *Rhone Glacier*, which lies between the Getershorn and Galenstock, two towering peaks, which limit Valois in the north-east.

It was on one of the hottest of summer days that we crossed what is called the *Furka Pass*, and about three o'clock in the afternoon, on our way westward from Andermatt, in Canton Uri, that our guide said to us, "You can take a last look at this little village, for you will not see another till to-morrow night."

We knew that we were to cross one of the longest and dreariest of the Alpine passes, and knew, of course, that there could be neither fruitful plains nor laughing valleys on the tops of the mountains, nor in the gorges between them ; yet it sounded almost like a death-knell as we heard it, and looked around to say farewell to the little huts, among which nothing would have tempted us to stay, if we could never have the hope of reaching another of the dwelling-places of men. The hills were not yet bare ; there was now and then a tuft of shrubbery, some trees looking as if it were a winter's instead of a summer's day ; and grass, that was tall enough and green enough to tempt the mower's scythe ; for it was being cut by men and transported on the backs of women from every knoll and crevice to their distant winter homes.

But even these pleasant oases soon disappeared ; our horse was moving at the slowest possible pace, to which four feet could measure their steps ; the sun, which had been at midday fiercely hot, was beginning to look pale and dim ; no living thing was to be seen to vary the monotony or break the stillness, except the lithe form of our young companion, who with his long alpine stock jumped over ledge and rock, and climbed the dizziest heights, while we were plodding

along the one narrow, unvarying path ; the mountains grew more grand and terrible in their height, and the gorges more fearful in their depth,—we could very easily have believed that we should *never* more reach human habitation.

“ Are there any more difficult heights than these?” we ask of our machine-looking old guide, who says he has been this way with this same horse every week for ten years. “ Och, ja wohl,” he replies ; “ these are nothing ; these are no mountains at all,”—upon which he stops and pats affectionately his good horse, sees if his shoes are fast and the saddle is right, asks us if we are weary, and jogs along. What is he thinking, we wonder ; he does not look as if he ever had a thought ; yet he knows every mountain by its name, every tradition and legend ; and this being his duty as guide, he stops at every point and repeats them. Now and then we must ford a mountain torrent, which comes foaming and dashing on the way to its bridal with the Rhone far away in some distant valley. We should demur and decline all such adventures, if it were longer of any use ; but having put our “ hand to the plough,” there is no turning back, though the courage has every moment to receive a new spur, in order to be equal to the exertion.

Now and then we meet a lone traveller like ourselves, and it becomes a question who shall run the risk of rolling over into the gulf below, by turning out where there is scarcely room for the hoofs of one horse; or perhaps a merry party, reminding one of the caravans of the desert, where lords and ladies, tents and baggage, are being transported from city to city by sedans.

At length we reach the Furka height, some eight thousand feet above the sea, and scarcely feel that it is the middle of August, where the snow is lying in drifts and the frost is upon our eyelids. The red roof of the little inn looks cheery without, and the bright fire blazing within is genial, but for the sake of recording it in our note-book, we go out and enjoy a game at snowball, putting our cheeks in a glow, which the good wine of the innkeeper heightens, and also helps to increase our powers of endurance to the point of another three hours' ride, to which we are compelled before we can find lodging for the night.

We soon learn, that the mountains we left behind "were no mountains at all," and resort to the precaution of drawing our ample capuchin closely over our eyes, to shut out the dizzy depths, till at length the great glacier appears, and the Rhone flowing quietly out from some unfathomable vault beneath

the massive arch. It is only a murmuring brook; but before it reaches the lake it is joined by eighty more, which swell it to a mighty stream, and during the melting of the snows cause it to overflow, to the destruction of whole villages, which are nevertheless immediately rebuilt on its banks, as neither landslide nor avalanche, flood, fire, nor famine, ever frighten the Swiss from their mountains or their villages.

It is the most gloomy vision imaginable to come in view of one of these *crevasses*, just as darkness is covering it with her sombre shadows. The snow is not the pure white of a winter drift, but as if a spring thaw had just spread her dingy mantle over it; there is not a tree or shrub or spire of grass on all the surrounding heights, the cold is that of blue November on one of her moodiest days, and we are chilled as if a March wind had penetrated every pore. It is grand, but it is also terrible, and we shut our eyes.

We cross a little bridge and find ourselves in the midst of a herd of shaggy goats, before the door of the little inn. Alas! they say there is no more room, and we say also, "We have no more strength, and it is already dark. If we sleep with the goats, you must find for us a lodging-place." When, indeed, did it ever happen that an inn, great or small, was

filled to its utmost capacity? They succeed in finding us "accommodation," if it deserves the name, where everything is the perfection of all that is dismal and forlorn.

We ascend by a ladder to the corner of the garret, where, by the help of *blanket-shawls* and other conveniences, we enjoy a "room to ourselves," and learn in the morning that three persons who came after us were also in the same way "accommodated." Next to an inn there is nothing which can be expanded and compressed, moulded and twisted, into so many useful forms as a blanket-shawl. It is the *ne plus ultra* of inventions. Ours served as altogether the most impenetrable partition-wall to our apartment; for in the others, which were boards, were so many *imitation crevasses* that we were haunted all night by *Jack-o'-lanterns* and *Will-o'-the-wisps*. From our window, of four lilliputian panes, we looked down upon the snows which the summer suns of centuries had never melted, heard the rushing waters as they exultingly burst their icy bands, the bleating of the goats,—who seemed to be disturbed in their midnight slumbers, or never to enjoy any,—and the incessant creaking of the rickety house, and footsteps of those who are certainly night-walkers, if not somnambulists. The dust of the downy coverings performs for our

nostrils the office of cayenne pepper or black snuff, and the cold could scarcely have been greater if we were lying upon, instead of at the foot of, the glacier. Yet we sleep, and wake "in the morning early," with a health of body and an exhilaration of spirits it was never our fortune to experience after a night upon "velvet couch with silken curtains gay."

We look forth, and now it is a sight worth all the trouble, and pain, and anxiety we have been at to behold it. In Canton Valois alone there are one hundred and thirty glaciers, and this is said not only to be the most beautiful among them, but one of the most beautiful in Switzerland. The lower part has the form of a cataract suddenly frozen, while its crown is composed of Gothic arches, fanciful colonnades, peaks, spires, and stalactites, on which the sun is shedding a flood of golden light, reflecting in myriad fantastic shapes and changing shadows each glistening point and proud pilastre. Like some grand cathedral-dome, the Galenstock rears its head, and forms a dark and solemn relief, and the cloudless blue of the vault above casts over all the soft hues of peerless beauty. We walk out to stand by the cradle of the "little *Rhodamus*," fretting like an infant in its swaddling-clothes, and reflect, as we often do, by the pillows where rests an immortal mind, "What a

terrible power is slumbering there, unconscious of the glory and majesty it is to reveal, of the good or the evil it has the power to bring to a world teeming with human life ! ”

Very little indeed does the proud river know of the happiness it scatters in the valleys through which it winds, or the misery it causes when it rushes wildly over meadow and moor, tearing down forests and sweeping away villages in its course. But not only the Rhone itself, but many of the rivers which flow into it, also cause avalanches and floods, so that throughout the canton these are the occurrences of every year, destroying millions of property and hundreds of lives.

Three or four miles from the Rhone glacier is the village of Obergesteln, which is the place of deposit for that portion of the Gruyère cheese which is destined for Italy, and also where the four little mountain paths meet which lead over the passes most threaded by travellers. Here occurred, in 1720, an avalanche which enveloped eighty-eight persons in its snowy winding-sheet. Upon the tomb in which they were afterwards enclosed, is inscribed, *O Dieu ! Quel dewil ! 88 dans un seul sépulcre !*

Besides floods and avalanches, there are frequent earthquakes. In 1855, in a little village, where the

Wisp falls into the Rhone, they were rocked several months, till finally only seven houses were left habitable, and the damages extended hundreds of miles.

Even the Simplon does not escape the ravages of the mountain torrents, and in 1834 and 1839, nearly eight miles were destroyed, many bridges swept away, and in some places every trace of the beautiful structure effaced.

There is every variety of climate, from the torrid zone to Spitzbergen, and seven-eighths of the plants peculiar to the climate and soil of Switzerland are to be found within its limits. Yet the people are in many respects far behind those on the north side of the mountains, though it cannot be from the reason that their resources are insufficient, if rightly used. One reason they give themselves, is, that the military service, which has drawn so many of their youth to Rome and Naples, has been the death-warrant of home industry. There is no capital for the commencement of enterprise, and they do nothing by associations themselves, and allow nothing to be done by others.

There is no department of manufactures in any flourishing condition, and even the braiding of straw, which the government introduced a few years since,

found not sufficient favour in their eyes to spur their hands to diligence, and there was no convenient market for the sale of their wares.

In the summer three thousand are employed in the Alpine pastures, and for all who remain, agriculture is the only labour. In this they have latterly made some advances. Lands long held in common, and free to cattle, have been divided and apportioned to those who would cultivate them. For many years the potatoes almost failed, and this led them to the cultivation of maize in the southern portions, where it is waving, if not in its pristine magnificence, at least in respectable size and proportions, the silver tassels peeping out from goodly ears that are afterwards converted, not into "Johnny cakes" and "brown loaves," but into something that might answer to "hasty pudding," or "mush."

There are also many sunny hill-sides clothed with vines, and they are beginning to cultivate the mulberry. Within a few years specimens of beautiful glass have been produced, and in one village a paper factory has been established.

In some parts there is no deficiency of talent, as many painters and sculptors evince, and in others no deficiency of energy, as their marvellous little canals for the irrigation of their lands fully prove. One

sees them everywhere in the valley of the Rhone, running across the hills, conducted over ravines, and passing through solid rocks for miles, till they reach some dry and parched plain, where little lakes are formed, from which sluices convey the water where it is needed. With them as with others, "Where there is a will there is a way."

But their wants are few, and, like the people of Unterwald, their devotions many. There is a peculiar beauty in their rustic chapels; and one may meet in every path the pilgrim on his way to shrine or temple, or with folded hands kneeling before some image of saint or Virgin, with an air of sincerity and faith which is always beautiful, whether in pagan or Christian. But if our inquiries or philosophy follow them elsewhere, we cannot help wishing there were less zeal and more knowledge.

It is always a difficult matter in Catholic Switzerland to reconcile this apathy in their practical affairs, this trust in their religion, with the energy and defiance they manifest under the slightest political control. The Pope in his palmyest days was not allowed to meddle in their elections, and princely bishops have been dethroned for endeavouring to impose upon them a bailiff against their will, or to restrain them in the exercise of their right of free suffrage.

The expression, now common in all lands, "the people rose *en masse*," originated in Valois, from the curious manner they had of *rising* to redress any grievance which they considered as imposed upon them by those in authority. Whatever might be his position or office, the person who had become obnoxious was represented in effigy, by taking the trunk of a tree and fashioning a rude head at the top, and setting it in a public place, where it was christened by the name of *masse*, which in German, French, and English has the same signification—a heap or bulk of something. But the people treated it as if it had really human understanding, and either by some machinery, or by a person concealed within its huge proportions, it was made to show signs of intelligence. The secret of this, however, was known only to a few.

The populace assembled, and some person appointed addressed himself to the image, asking, "Of whom hast thou to complain? is it Baron B. or Lord L.?"—always being sure to mention the name they were preparing to execrate. The *masse* bowed his head very low in assent, and the people uttered loud cries of rage and vengeance. They then drove a quantity of nails into the trunk, though we do not learn for what purpose, or what they were to signify,

unless it was crucifixion, and bore it aloft, followed by a triumphant crowd, and placed it before the door of the person accused or hated. He understood, without further communication, that his fate was sealed, and took refuge in flight, thus renouncing all future pretensions to power or influence among them. If he attempted any resistance, his house would be destroyed, his property seized, and his partisans killed.

It is a curious fact, illustrative of the manners of the Middle Ages; and not less curious, that the phrase should have crept into every language, and the custom, in some modified form, have characterized the revolutionists of every period and nation, with a similar expression denoting their popular outbreaks.

In the German portion of the Canton Valois, they keep these old times in remembrance by dramatizing them, with the people for actors, and very likely the village curate for stage director.

The Reformation made some converts among them, but a popular assembly in 1603 decreed that the new doctrines should not be preached, and banished all who had adopted them.

In 1607 the Jesuits were established as teachers in the colleges of Brigue and Sion, and continued there for more than three centuries. In 1847, after

the war of the Sonderbund, they were banished from all Switzerland by the Federal Government. No Jesuitical school, college, or association can exist within the limits of the twenty-two cantons. Against this measure there was much remonstrance and many rebellions, and, with the suppression of the convents of Argovie, caused great alarm to the Catholics, but they have finally subsided; a new constitution, satisfactory to all, has been completed, and a new code of laws promulgated instead of that which had existed for centuries, and which was written in Latin.

Public instruction is now the care of the state. Every commune is obliged to support a school, and all children are compelled to attend till the age of fifteen, and a cantonal normal school educates the teachers. It is only ten years since this system went into operation, and there are already three hundred schools, and nearly fourteen thousand children attending them. There has not yet been time to educate a generation, but they are beginning to fully appreciate the benefits to be derived from schools, and make constant efforts to improve them. No canton has suffered more than Valois from the ravages of foreign armies, and when we take into account all the calamities which they are continually experiencing,

we cannot marvel so much at their ignorance and poverty.

A lordly bishop still rules at Sion, and is the ninetieth who has sat in the same chair. His power is somewhat restricted in later years, as he is now the subject of the state, and elected by the Grand Council, but his influence is scarcely less over the people. There are, besides, seven convents of different orders. The one at St. Bernard is known to all travellers who cross the mountains at that place, and many do so on purpose to see the old monks and their dogs, who have charge of it. It was established in 962 by St. Bernard, of Menthon, archdeacon of Aoste, who endowed it and placed there monks of the order of St. Augustine. Those of the same order live there still, only about twenty residing constantly at the hospice, others, supported by the institution, exercising hospitality at St. Jovet, another mountain pass, and others at Simplon; when they are old and sick they resort to Mortigny, and some are curates in villages.

There can be no life more self-sacrificing and benevolent than that of the monks of St. Bernard, as most English tourists know.

Napoleon crossed by the Great St. Bernard, and it was the toils and losses he experienced, which

decided him to construct the Simplon, on which thirty thousand men were sometimes employed at once, and the expense of which was about five thousand five hundred pounds sterling per mile. It requires three days to traverse it from Montigny to Milan, and its breadth is, through the whole distance, from twenty-five to thirty feet. Yet the army of Napoleon III. strewed it with the sick and dying on their march to Italy in April, so intense was the cold, and so deep the snow, and the obstructions so many, though art had done all in her power to smooth the way. Thirty thousand persons pass over it every year, and as many over each of the others; and if the whole object of travellers is to see fine scenery, they can be sufficiently gratified on either of these great *chaussées*, and need not cross glaciers or climb precipices, at the peril every moment of sacrificing their lives. But there is a fascination about the mountains, or a spell in the atmosphere, which, when once experienced, seems irresistible, and to act like a magnet or charm. We have met persons who have spent every summer for years in pedestrian excursions in Switzerland, without having passed a week in exploring any other land. And there is certainly an exhilaration which one would gladly realize for

ever, if it were possible. We doubt whether misfortune or evil tidings of any description would exert the slightest depressing influence on the spirits anywhere between five and eight thousand feet above the sea.

But the evils of sickness and deformity are nowhere more deplorable than among these same mountains and valleys. The victims of *Cretinism* and the *goître* are the most revolting objects our eyes ever rested upon, and they are to be met oftener in Valois than any other canton. But philosophers have discovered the causes in the unhealthy position of certain villages, from marshy lands or stagnant pools, where the mountains prevent a circulation of air, increased by want of nourishing food and ignorance of physical laws. But there is no mention of these unfortunate beings in the valley of Aoste when Cæsar conquered it and Augustus founded a colony there. Their beauty and their valour were a marvel to the Roman general.

Neither are these two frightful forms of disease peculiar to Switzerland, as some people imagine. We met a young lady who ran to the glass every morning the moment she awoke, to see if she could discover any enlargement of her throat, and another who measured her neck every night, to be sure and flee the moment there was any danger. But in

England alone there are thirty thousand people in the different stages of idiocy; and in the village of Pelcham, on the Danube, there were found five hundred men not able to bear a sword.

Goître seems to be only a physical calamity, a hideous roll of flesh protruding from the throat till it sometimes reaches the ground, and is so burdensome that the person afflicted with it cannot walk uprightly. Cases of it are frequent in some counties of England, South America, and some islands of the East Indies. Switzerland being the most travelled, is most exposed to observation and censure.

One of their physicians, in a treatise upon the subject, says, "Is it not a far higher proof of civilization to provide for the happiness of our lowest and worst people, than to decorate our streets with galleries, statues, and monumental trophies?" The institution established at Interlaken for the reception of Cretins has performed many wonderful cures, produced great amelioration in obstinate cases, and more than all, perhaps, led to inquiry in other lands, attracted the attention of physicians and physiologists to these and other maladies, and thus proved a beacon light to the world without, though within there seems only the blackness of darkness.

The history of the establishment is well known. It stands upon a high peak called "Abendberg,"

“mountain of the setting sun,” and originated with a young professor in Zurich University, *Guggenbuhl*, who resolved to devote himself to the study of medicine with reference to the relief of this miserable class of human beings. They do not attempt a cure unless the patient is received before the age of seven years. The remedies are bathing, exercise, amusement, and especially the influence of personal kindness and interest. It must be the noblest mind and the purest heart that can devote a life to such labours; there is something so repulsive in the idiotic stare and vacant smile, united with the deathlike pallor and the absence of all appreciation on the part of the recipient for weeks, for months, perhaps for ever! We could not help exclaiming, “If there are angels in human form, here they are, ministering to these wretched creatures!”

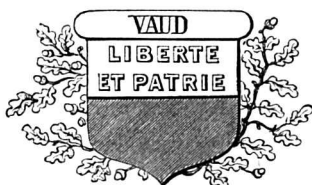
We saw a cat painted by a Cretin, who had this one talent and taste, and executed his portraits to the life, without the slightest sense or understanding concerning any other earthly thing. Of course his malady was only partial; but most of them have only the power of motion and the instinct which prompts to eat and drink; and there must be a universal reformation in Valois in all their domestic habits before they can deserve to be called Christian or civilized, notwithstanding their churches and works

of art, their political freedom, and their education. Many of the most distinguished generals in the French and Italian armies have been Vallasians, and not a few have attained eminence in science and *belles lettres*.

There is also in some valleys a remarkable type of beauty, both in men and women. But one wishes there could be a mission established for teaching housekeeping when the homes are exposed where these same people live. The contents of any respectable pigs' trough would be more palatable than what they concoct, to say nothing of the utensils, where an old woman wears a leathern apron, and whilst wondering what is her profession with such a costume, looking as if flood and fire would be the best ordeals to which to subject it, we behold her gathering its stiff folds in one hand, whilst the other acts as egg-beater to a mass of yolks she has poured therein. We afterwards learn this is her common pan for all purposes of stirring, mixing, and beating for the various compounds they make in exercising the culinary art; and certainly no invention could expect to provide for a greater economy of labour. Yet a pretty maiden, who is taught cooking in this way, wears a hat which costs perhaps from twelve to twenty dollars, the foundation being Italian straw, and the trimmings all manner of ribbons and flowers,

crimped, and plaited, and folded in a way to use the greatest possible quantity of material. They look very jaunty and coquettish, and set off their pretty faces to perfection, which they seem to know very well. Whether knitting or netting, braiding straw or breaking flax, tending silkworms or spinning thread from little wheels, which they carry about, there is a grace and liveness about them quite different from the gayest and prettiest on the northern side of the mountains. Not the less conspicuous is it in the little beggars, who will kiss the hand to you in the most gracious manner before extending it for pennies, or they throw you a bouquet, or crown you with a garland, or sing a song, for which they expect a reward, and which you find it very difficult to refuse.

They have a curious custom in several places of amassing great stores of certain kinds of provisions, in order that when they die these may be sure to be enough for a feast for the mourners. And when they go far down in the plains and vineyards for the vintage, or to gather fruits, if one dies they do not bury him in a strange land, but place him on a mule, and when it is night travel slowly homeward, stopping now and then to pray around the unconscious companion whom they escort.



CHAPTER VIII.

VAUD.

CHEESE SOCIETIES—UNION DAIRIES—WINE—PRESSES—BLACKSMITH'S SHOPS—LACE-MAKING—VINTAGE FESTIVAL OF VEVAY—SHEPHERD SONGS.

VAUD is the pattern canton in all that concerns agriculture and the interests of rural affairs. With her originated almost every improvement ; and possessing a climate which exhibits every degree of heat and cold, her soil is also various, and prompts experiments. A half-century ago she did not produce one-third grain enough for her 150,000 inhabitants, and now produces more than enough for nearly 200,000. Yet they continue the custom of allowing a portion of the land to lie fallow, not every third, but every sixth year, especially in the northern parts of the canton, but not as in the olden time, without exercising judgment, and departing from the rule at any time if it seems best.

The principle of association enters into all their operations, by which the poor are made rich, and the rich not impoverished. Not only the village cheese-press, but the threshing machine, the wine-press, the sheepfold, the bakery, and the blacksmith's shop, are common property ; and when a family is too poor to pay for the use of any machine, it is granted free, upon the principle that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all ; and if one is allowed to suffer, the detriment extends directly or indirectly to each member of the community.

Union dairies were not formed till the nineteenth century, and now there are 433 in this one canton, and exist more or less extensively in all. In New England, families which possess few cows have the custom of *exchanging milk*, in order to make larger and richer cheeses than could be made with the small quantity of one. Here the custom was exactly the same, till by degrees the whole village, and sometimes cities, became partners of a cheese society.

They build a house, and furnish it with cauldron, cheese-tubs, pails, dippers, ladles, and all necessary apparatus, and hire a cheese-maker, paying him with a certain portion of cheese and whey. A committee is appointed to superintend the details, keep an

account of all expenses, inspect the arrangements, to be sure they are neat, and to attend to all the interests of the association, each member contributing to the expense in proportion to the number of cows which he has. The milk is sent to the dairy twice each day, the average quantity of each family being ascertained, and the laws of the association not allowing any to be sold elsewhere. The quantity of cheese is of course apportioned according to the milk furnished, and the association attends to the selling and repayments.

If others wish to join, they pay a slight entrance fee, according to the capital of the association and the milk they send; and if the society dissolves, everything is valued, and each one remunerated according to his portion of the expense at the beginning.

In the country of vineyards the wine-press belongs to the community, and the sum which each one pays is fixed either by law or custom, the rich paying generously and the poor nothing. A man whose wealth is in vineyards will perhaps have a press exclusively his own. We have seen such an one in a large building, the cellar of which was devoted to the tuns and hogsheads of wine. The grapes were pressed in the mill, and the juice conducted to the

lower regions by means of a pipe, thus saving the labour of transporting it.

The bakeries are the same as in Germany,* except that they are not government institutions. In some places the bread is kneaded at home, and merely baked in the common oven; and in others the meal is furnished and all the labour performed by the baker, who is paid according to agreement, often with dough, and sometimes depending entirely on the generosity of the *Frauen* for whom he moulds and bakes. As they look very doughty, and quite content with their position in life, we must conclude the dough is not dealt to them in mean proportions. The poor often pay nothing, and it is becoming more common to bake in families, thus allowing a greater variety, which is a want one feels sadly when a common oven furnishes all the bread. The difference is greater in Switzerland than in Germany in the quality produced in different places, perhaps because it is not all made by the same government receipt. There was scarcely any resemblance between the delicate little *brods* of Berne and the great loaves of Zurich, yet they were both good. In Glarus it was horrible,

* We do not mean to imply that in Germany the government has any pecuniary partnership in the baking, but that it is licensed, protected, and cared for by the government, and the price of bread fixed by law. In Switzerland it is a voluntary association with which magistracy has nothing to do.

and in Graubünden still worse, yet in each village it would be different.

In districts where wheat is extensively cultivated, threshing machines are common, moved by water and sometimes by horse power, as the labour of men is needed in the other departments of agriculture at the time of threshing, and are owned by the commune and rented.

The *sheep-associations* employ a shepherd, usually a little boy, who has the care of so many sheep, the number depending upon the nature of the pasture. This belongs sometimes to a society, and sometimes to the commune, and is rented to as many sheep as it will nourish ; and if those who belong to the association have not enough, they *take a few to board* ; and in this, as in everything else, there is the same beautiful care for the poor. Each association is sure to have room for a sheep or two of a widow or some unfortunate family who are depending upon the wool for their winter clothes, and yet own not a bit of land. The wool, flesh, and milk belong to the association ; and the shepherd is paid by contribution.

The village blacksmith is also common property, receiving a salary, and shoeing horses and mending ploughs according to prices fixed by law. In this way he is sure of a competence, and every village is

sure of a blacksmith ; and being entirely a voluntary arrangement between the parties, must be entered into, because in this way they secure the greatest good with the least trouble and expense.

Not the least useful among these attempts to promote the common good are the life insurance companies for the cows. In some places horses are included, but the greatest number are for the *horned creatures*. The company is formed after the manner of those which insure the lives of people, and so much is paid for each cow according to the original capital, and an annual tax as may be required or agreed upon. The treasury is for the purpose of meeting exigencies, and in some communes amounts to so large a sum that the interest alone is sufficient to indemnify for all annual losses. If these are very great, from any special cause, a contribution or tax is assessed.

The rules of indemnification vary among different companies, but it is usual to pay two-thirds of the price of the animal if it is a cow ; and if a horse, only one-half. A valuation is made twice a year, but sometimes so much is paid *a head*, without reference to the price of the animal. In communes where there is a forest, wood is often given in compensation for losses, or a sum of money, or so much

per cent. If a poor man loses a cow, the society makes him a present, which, with the sale of the skin and horns, shall equal the full value of the animal. Pecuniary aid is also granted in cases of misfortunes from other causes. If any difficulties occur, they are settled by arbiters.

Among some families there will be also a common plough, or they hire one for the little time they wish to use it.

The instances are not rare of poor families receiving a bit of land, enough for a house and garden, with timber to build, and assistance in making it habitable.

But they are not an agricultural people only. Their watches *keep time* with those of Geneva, and their laces rival those of Flanders. But nearly all who are engaged in mechanics are the descendants of the French refugees, of whom six thousand settled on Lake Geneva, after the Edict of Nantes, and brought with them their skill in various branches of industry. A single shop in Lausanne sends twenty thousand pairs of gloves to Paris, where ladies buy them for Parisian, and think those by any other name cannot possibly *fit*. They are made by the skilful fingers of the peasant girls in the surrounding country.

In the valley of St. Croix are seven hundred

kloppers, weaving the delicate meshes of *thread-lace*, which must also pass through a Parisian shop in order to become sufficiently *distingué* for a lady of quality. Dresses, shawls, and veils are also the work of their hands, and in all the varieties are employed nearly four thousand women. Their wages are nearly the same as the embroiderers in St. Gall and Appenzell. They weave into the braids of their hair a red ribbon, and draw over it a network, that softens the tints and adds to the charm; and in their dress and in their homes there is the neatness of those who have not only the means but the inclination to improve in all things.

Here are also manufactured pretty flower-baskets, and some fifty thousand music-boxes, every year. The tongues of the lace-makers move like their kloppers, and those who make music by machinery are disposed also to make it with their voices. Is it owing to their labour, or to the air and the sunshine, that they have become celebrated for their lightness of heart and blitheness of spirit? Some would answer, "To their French extraction;" yet in another village, not very far distant, those who had the same origin look like so many people in a galloping consumption. One would as soon expect a pearl as a *bon-mot* from their lips, and will certainly take a

chill if he remain long in their midst. But a cold north wind sweeps down through the valley, which may be the principal cause of their cadaverous countenances; and another may be, that every house is a shoemaker's shop, which sends forth an equal number of "boots and shoes daily." Wages have increased a third in Canton Vaud in the last half century, and the quality and abundance of food improved in proportion. Black bread has almost entirely disappeared in the cot of the labourer and the Sennhut on the mountain. In the valley of the Joux, where fifty years ago there was scarcely a garden, and vegetables as rare as the wheaten loaf, may now be seen the flower-bed beneath every window, and the patches of peas, beans, and cabbages spreading far and wide.

It is a land of vineyards and rich pastures, and wine and cheese occupy a large space in the cellar of every prosperous household. The juice which is expressed from pears and other fruits, except apples, is called in Switzerland *Most*, and this and cider are also among the winter stores. Since it became the custom to furnish their own cellars, the inns are not so much frequented, though neither here nor elsewhere are they by any means deserted.

Fresh meat does not often appear on their tables,

except on Sundays and festival days; but ham, with potatoes and other vegetables, almost every day for dinner. Among the peasantry four meals a day are customary, and at two of them wine never fails. The lowest class of labourers are not content without at least a quart daily, besides a glass of brandy before going to work in the morning. Pancakes and waffles with wine are the evening repast, and cheese on all occasions.

The pride of the Senn is to see his hut lined with smoked meat; and in order to be sure and rival his neighbour on the opposite hill side in this respect, he will live upon cheese and whey till his meat is spoiled. Hanging upon strings against the walls of the storehouse may also be seen slices of bread with a hole through the middle. When they are dried, he eats them with a bit of toasted cheese dipped in wine.

In alluding to the shepherd-life of these regions, Byron says, "The music of the cow-bells in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence, much more

so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we have a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other ; but this was pure, unmixed, solitary, savage and patriarchal. As we went away, they sang the *Ranz des Vaches* and other airs by way of farewell."

As we have elsewhere explained, the genuine *Ranz des Vaches* has no words, but we have found one or two simple shepherd-songs which are said to have a date more ancient than any man's knowledge, and which are yet to be heard every day among the hills, that sound so shepherd-like, we have transcribed them, making the translation literal, word for word, without any attempt to give them an English versification :—

"THE SONG OF THE ORMONDS.

"The shepherds of the Colombette rise early,
 Ho, ho, the cows to milk ; ho, ho, the cows to milk.
 Afterwards the milk must be set to curdle,
 Before the cheese can be made ; ho, ho, the cows to milk.
 You are come to the ford and cannot cross,
 Ho, to the milking.
 Poor brother, what shall we do ? we must go to the priest ;
 Ho, to the milking.
 And what do you wish that we say to the priest ?
 Ho, to the milking.
 He must say an *Ave Maria*, that we the river may cross ;
 Ho, to the milking.
 Peter knocks on the door, and says to the priest,

Ho, ho, the cows to milk ; ho, ho, the cows to milk.
 ' We are stopped at the ford, say an *Ave Maria* ;
 Send us your maiden, we will make her a fat cheese.'
 ' My maid is too pretty ; I am afraid you will keep her ;
 Then God would be angry, and you must come to confession ;
 Go away, friend Peter, and I will say the *Ave Maria*.'
 Ho, to the milking ; ho, to the milking."

"THE STORM.

"It rains, it rains ; my fair one, put on your cloak and gather your sheep. Listen to the patter among the leaves : it rains without ceasing. The weather is black as ink, and it begins to lighten.

"Hear ! the thunder begins to roll. It is nothing ; fear not ; keep close to me. I see already our cottage, and near it are my mother and Judith. Both hasten to meet us.

"Good evening, dear mother, and dear sister, good evening ; here is a lodger I have brought for the night. Make a bright fire, she is cold and wet. I will in the meantime go for the sheep. We must take care, dear mother, of her beautiful flock. We need some fresh straw for the lambkins. It is well, dear mother ; now let us go to the kitchen. Oh ! how pretty she is, undressed and barefoot !

"Now we will have supper ; here is your chair ; sit near to me, and set the candle near your dish. Taste your porridge. Oh ! you do not eat, my little one ; you are too sad and shy.

"See, here is your bed ; go and sleep sweetly. Yet from your pretty mouth I must have one kiss. Good night till we meet again. To-morrow my mother and I will go to your father and see what he says."

One can easily believe these to be the words of the simplest of shepherd boys, befriending a little maiden as simple, who also tends her flocks among the mountains.

The heights of the Jura have no peaks covered with eternal snow, but they are verdure-clad to the

very tops, and furnish some of the richest pastures in Switzerland.

Here are to be seen Senn-huts which are like villas, and which are occupied by whole families during the summer, who receive guests and entertain them with milk and honey, wine and cheese. In one of them, on a mountain overlooking the plains of Grandson, Bertrand wrote his romance; and Monsieur Delessert has created an Elysium on Mount Tendre, from which one may overlook Canton Vaud, the chain of Alps, and nearly half Switzerland. Yet, they are Senn-huts still, because there the cows are milked and the cheese is made, though upon a grand and beautiful scale, from which all primitive simplicity has departed.

The vineyards are like those of France, and the wines the delicate wines of Burgundy. On the vines of one kind are great clusters of the most beautiful amber colour, and on another, small, close, round bunches nearly black, so deep is their purple hue. The former need a fertile soil, while the latter are set in dry places, and often take root in beds of flint. Where new earth is needed, it is carried in baskets to the highest points, and old stocks grafted by making an opening five or six inches below the surface.

The vintage takes place usually about the first or second week in October, when the vineyards present the same scene as in Germany, and the whole land keeps festival. The white grapes are crushed in tubs and carried to the press immediately; but the black are kept in great vats, till fermentation commences. Both remain during winter in tuns; and in March the wine is poured from the *lees*, and those of the best quality bottled and sealed. The white wines are the lightest, are soonest fit to drink, and keep the longest, some of them thirty years. The juice of the purple grape is stronger, and in standing changes to an orange tint and becomes milder, but keeps only ten or twelve years. The lightness of the soil and the inclination of the hills affect their taste and quality.

The costume of the vintagers is very coquettish, varying somewhat in different places, but usually a skirt of blue bordered with lace and boddice of black, with a gauze or crape kerchief over the bosom. The short full chemise sleeve leaves the arm mostly bare, and the hair is puffed beneath a wide-brimmed straw hat, the crown of which rises to a point like the neck of a bottle which has a glass stopper, the most curious of all headgears.

In Echallen, in the heart of the canton, great

preparations are made for every festival, whether it is the vintage, a village raising, or a shooting feast, by washing or whitewashing the houses, and all the marriageable girls appear in new dresses, never wearing the same a second time on festal days.

In Pailly, another village, all the maidens appear in black on similar occasions, with gold chains, standing before the doors to offer refreshments to those who pass, each family coveting the honour of showing hospitality.

But the grand festival of Canton Vaud is the *vintage fête* of *Vevay*. Its origin is not known, but from many of its features it is supposed to have originated in Greece, or to have been instituted here by Grecians, in honour of some person or occasion not now understood. Bacchus and Ceres have lost none of their importance in the ceremonies of the present day, and may have been the personages for whose benefit the festival was first given. Others think the monks of the early times wished to reward the diligent and encourage the culture of the vine, and therefore created the *fête*, distributing prizes at the same time that they diffused pleasure. One of the mottoes upon an ancient banner was "Prayer and labour;" and whether the society was ancient or modern, it exists

still. Those who have the best vineyards are reported by a committee, who visit all the neighbouring country to examine them, and on the day when *la fête des vignerons* is celebrated, their names are made known, and medals awarded.

There is a comical mingling of ancient and modern, sacred and profane, but without any intention of profanity. The principal actors know nothing of the heathen gods, or the mythology of the ancients, and very likely they do not know much more of Noah and the spies of Canaan.

The procession begins with the representatives of spring, crowned with garlands, who are followed by forty young men, laden with all the instruments used in wine culture, either new or made clean and beautiful for the occasion. Then come what are called the priests of sacrifice, leading the consecrated ram, and Cenophren bearing the altar. The high priest follows, with a troop of beautiful children singing sacred songs.

Why Silenus "riding on an ass" should be included in such a festival we do not understand; yet there he is, followed by Bacchus in his car. Ceres and Pallas are attended by a train of priestesses with their emblems, sickles, and wreaths of wheat, while in a long train are arranged the shepherds with

their crooks, the mowers with their scythes, hay-makers with their forks, and the Senns with their milk-pails and cauldrons, all in costume to correspond with their labour, and singing the songs of their several professions.

At the head of the third division are the spies of Canaan, represented by four officers of the guard, bearing rich purple clusters, which could not have been excelled by any the land of Canaan ever produced. Cyclops actually working at his forge, and a wine-press in full operation, drawn by horses, are the next conspicuous objects, with merry vintagers carrying baskets filled with grapes, and their shears in their hands; and last, but not least, father Noah in his ark, surrounded by his wine-drinking sons.

The songs are in all languages or dialects, the costumes of every variety, and the banners displaying appropriate mottoes, while happy faces are not the least brilliant feature of the scene.

At the windows of the houses appear the spinning wheels, also in gala attire, various utensils of household economy, and cooking apparatus, as emblematical of industry.

A rustic wedding is always a part of the *fête*, when a fair maiden receives a dower, and is crowned queen of the day, and gentlemen and ladies honour

them with their presence, and join in their dances, singing—

“Each with his sweetheart, oho, oho.
Since four summers have they loved one another ;
Let us honour them with song, and wine, and dance,
Each with his sweetheart, oho, oho.”

All is finished with a procession of old men in the costume of William Tell, who are followed by the multitude to the shade of the chestnuts on the bank of the sea, where the tables are spread, laden with all that can tempt the palate, while everything to gratify the eye is arranged in not less generous profusion. Grapes of every hue, fruit of every variety, all the implements of agriculture and many of art ; baskets of all that the earth produces, the cheese of the mountain and the loaves of the valley ; every invention of cookery, and all that fair hands can form, are displayed with a taste which lacks nothing, and an abundance which knows no limits, while every garden must have been robbed of its treasures, and every parterre despoiled of its beauties, to crown the whole with garlands ; and the libations, not of new wine, but of old, are long and deep.*

It is a curious fact, that the quantity of soap used

* The reader will remember also that it is new wine, and not old, that intoxicates.

in the canton now is three times greater than thirty years ago. Here the great wash occurs twice a year, as in Germany, and the articles of a bride's wardrobe are counted by dozens, and ten or twelve dozen of each, not a rare dowry.

Among the rich every trace of the old life and customs has disappeared; and though in the seventeenth century a dancing-master was banished because he allowed persons of two sexes to remain together after ten o'clock, now they may dance all night, and till the dawn, without being molested by the government or any lesser authority.

The *Kiltgang*, or nightly wooings, are the universal custom with the universal consequences, but in general the wife is treated with marked respect, is made keeper of the treasury, and consulted as the oracle of the family. In harvest, women are seen in the fields following the mowers, receiving in their arms the grain as it falls, and placing it carefully on the ground. They also take care of the gardens, are seen in towns wheeling little hand-carts, "with light wares laden;" and here, as elsewhere, are the water-carriers on all occasions.

There are remnants still of the days of superstition, when the devil was supposed to understand and meddle in all human affairs, and was designated by

some twenty different names, as "serpent," "sly one," "old one," &c., and believed to be cloven-footed and clawed.

Witches assembled at the rising of the moon, and their evil influence was charmed away by a verse of the Bible chanted by a priest. A beautiful neck-band was placed upon a cow as a charm, and pigmies rode through the forest on pigs, using their tails for bridle and reins. Fairies with diamond eyes scattered riches, and in which the faith of the people never faltered, though they remained always poor. Whoever found at midnight a four-leaved clover would inherit wealth. Over every fountain was a protecting angel, and at every burial the death-wine was drunk.

When Canton Vaud was subject to Berne, the government endeavoured to compel them to economy by law, and we find the same ludicrous enactments as elsewhere.

Among the articles of the wardrobe of a noble lady of Vaud, in 1643, were a chain of 880 pearls, gold bracelets, a necklace of diamonds, and roses of rubies, and rings of all precious stones. The nobility alone were allowed to wear gold, silver, brocade and lace. Burghers were forbidden to wear caps which cost more than eight dollars, and their

wives were allowed but one dress and one petticoat, and no false hair. The wives of the clergy were forbidden to appear in taffeta, satin, or velvet. Coffee, tea, and chocolate were proscribed to all, except my *gracious Herren* of the aristocracy, and only the *Landvogt* was an exception in the prohibition of smoking tobacco and taking snuff. On one occasion, availing himself of this permission, he produced his box in church, and passed it around for all to take a pinch. The preacher paused, and looking seriously at his excellency, said, "In this house we *take* only the Word of God."

Now, the law commands that a pastor's house shall be built with six rooms for the family, besides storeroom, chambers for servants, cellar, and room for catechumen. The rich dwell mostly on the banks of the lake, and exhibit all the elegance and luxury of English country-houses, with the varied architecture of Greece and Rome, or the Gothic of the Middle Ages. For windows, pillars, and wherever ornament is required, they use a kind of soft sandstone, which they call *molassa*, and the bricks, made by a mixture of the sand they obtain from the sea, are a pale yellow, and are used for partitions, chimneys, and arches, with a very pretty effect. The roofs are covered with slate, which they

bring from the Canton Valois.* When one wishes to build a house, he gives his idea to the designer, the size of the rooms and of the whole, and the material. The cubic feet are then taken, for which he pays so much each.

Formerly, the garden beds were all made by square rule, the trees set in straight rows, and the parterres like churchyards, surrounded by walls; but taste is beginning to diffuse itself with utility, and comfort to go hand-in-hand with beauty.

The law also prescribes, that the schoolhouse shall be provided with two rooms, kitchen, cellar, store-room, dining-room, and woodhouse, as it is occupied by the family of the teacher; and the houses of the middle classes generally have a dining-room and guest-room, one for parents and one for children, besides pantries, storerooms, &c. There may not be any more room than formerly, but it is better used. The stairs are of stone with iron railings, the walls are papered, the roofs plastered, and ventilation secured.

But remnants of the days of old are still to be found, or rather experienced, in curious old laws that were promulgated before the Roman conquest; and some pages of their statute-books still bear

* Pebbles for the streets, they import from Savoy.

the sign and seal of king Goudebaud. They have at different times blotted out, revised, and added, but there is always something disagreeable in proclaiming ourselves wiser and better than our fathers were, which is, notwithstanding, a great stumbling-block to improvement.

The towns on the sea are the resort of strangers of all nations, especially of English people, who pay their taxes at home and live abroad, it being impossible to do both, where taxes and expenses are both so great.

We saw a family brought into the same ludicrous predicament here as in Germany, where a father, mother, and five children came *abroad* without the marriage certificate, which alone could prove their respectability, or rather entitle any new comer into their midst to equal honour. Not till the little one was born, and its name taken to the registry office, did any one dream of the calamity which had befallen it, but though the parents, children, and others stood as witnesses, no petition could induce them to soil their pages with the record of a birth where there was no writing to prove the relationship of its parents. But as the laws concerning marriage are mostly to secure property rather than honour, no great evil will result to the little one, unless her

prospects of inheritance should be increased far beyond what they were then.

We saw this summer a notice of a marriage between parties, one of which was from Zurich, the other from Friburg, and they were to live in Soleure. The marriage took place in Berne, and fifteen testimonials and special documents were necessary to make it lawful; upon which the editor of the journal indulges in witty speculations, that all who are looking forward to matrimony will be for consolidating the confederacy and generalizing its powers.

Another case occurred, when Americans, for some reason, were called upon to prove their marriage, and though the minister asserted that he knew the parties, and could not doubt their word, nothing less than seven witnesses standing in a row could satisfy the cantonal law. If citizens of another country wish to marry and settle in their midst, they must bring a certificate from their own government that they shall be provided for in case of misfortune; or if the husband and father die, that his family shall not become a burden to their adopted country.

We were one day overwhelmed with reproaches because many of the emigrants to America were disappointed or deceived, or not properly provided for, by the government. But when we asked in

return, what does any government in Europe do for strangers who may land on their shores? they were obliged to answer, "Nothing, but to ordain that only those who have passports and plenty of money shall be allowed to stay an hour in their midst." What would they do, indeed, were fifty, or twenty, or even ten, to be thrown suddenly upon their charities, as are thousands every week upon the benevolence of Americans?

In Canton Vaud there are nine hundred and sixty societies of various kinds for the promotion of the general welfare. Five hundred and thirty of these are agricultural, fifty religious, and fifty benevolent.

The cantonal colours are green and white, in equal proportions, the words "*Liberty and Country*" appearing upon the white ground of their escutcheon. The inhabitants are Protestant in greater proportion even than in Geneva; and in no other canton has equality a more genuine reality, or are the comforts of material life more universally distributed. This is a testimony we like to render as a proof that a proper attention to health and personal comfort does not interfere with the flights of fancy, the designs of art, or the investigations of philosophy. We have counted more than sixty celebrities among their authors and artists, some twenty of whom were poets, novelists, and painters.

We need not tell Americans that Agassiz was born on the banks of Lake Lemman, nor enumerate his titles to the honours his own country and ours have bestowed upon him ; and we do not know which is the most proud,—the little canton to have given him birth, or America to have adopted him.*

* In the village of Yverdon, at the foot of lake Neuchâtel, Pestalozzi established one of his schools. The English guide-book says it was broken up, and he was obliged to flee, and that however good his theories and system of teaching, he succeeded miserably himself in putting them in practice. On what authority they make the statement they do not say, but there is no truth in it. Troubles which had nothing to do with his system or practice of teaching obliged him to leave Yverdon, from which place he went to the father of Fellenberg, who received him with open arms, and offered him apartments in his castle to open a school. He was not very prepossessing in his appearance, and Emanuel Fellenberg, being then a child, thought as he saw him coming that he was a beggar, but the narrative his father gave him of the noble life and sacrifices of his friend made an impression upon his character which influenced his whole life. The following extract from one of his private letters will show the spirit in which he taught, and with such a spirit he could not help being a good teacher :—

“ I was from morning till evening in their midst ; all that could happen to them in soul and love they received from me. My hand rested in their hand, and my eye rested on theirs. My laugh accompanied theirs, and my tears flowed with theirs. They were excluded from the world, they were by me and I by them. I had nothing, no household, no friend, no servant around me, I had only them.”

Like all those who originate something new, and great, and good, he was derided, and had enemies. He struggled too with adversity and many obstacles ; but if, as John Müller said, “ He who founds a school is greater than he who conquers a province,” Pestalozzi is greater than a hundred princes and generals, for he is the real founder of hundreds and thousands of schools.



CHAPTER IX.

GENEVA.

CALVIN—JEWS—LAKE LEMAN—WATCH-MAKING—SOCIAL LIFE—
SWIMMING SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

THERE is perhaps no city in Switzerland which exhibits so great a degree of intellectual activity as Geneva, though it still partakes something of the severity of Calvin and the reformers of his age. Not only the social life, but the legislative and judicial proceedings still bear the impress of his sternness and rigidity.

When they threw off the yoke of the bishops in 1535, and declared themselves independent, they adopted the new religion, and Calvin became their judge and legislator. He made the laws, organized the Church, and founded the schools. His active mind was everywhere, and the traces of it exist still in every institution. Many of his measures seem very rude and barbarous now, but he thought them

necessary in the turbulent times in which he lived. His doctrine was not considered exactly democratic at the time he preached it, and there are more perhaps in these days than then in his native city who are of a similar opinion. They are not a remarkably devout people, or their devotions are performed somewhere besides at the foot of the altar.

They passed through all the gradations of spiritual and political emancipation common to the nations struggling against foreign and domestic tyranny, ignorance, bigotry, and prejudice, and their statute-books exhibit the same inconsistencies we have found in their sister cities. While they offered refuge to all who fled to them from persecution on account of difference of belief in certain dogmas, they imprisoned and tortured by hundreds those who were accused of being "possessed of devils," or having intercourse with familiar spirits. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, five hundred were condemned for witchcraft in the course of three months, and suffered the various penalties invented for such criminals in those days of darkness and superstition.

They were not really one of the members of the Swiss Confederacy till 1814, though they became the allies of Berne in 1526, and of Zurich in 1584. Rousseau and Voltaire pronounced their freedom and

happiness without alloy, and sung of them as possessing almost an Utopia ; but they have since made many changes, and if they deserved then to be called a liberal and liberty-enjoying people, they deserve it still more at the present time.

In Geneva, the Jew is not subject to a single restriction from law, custom, or manners ; yet there are not two hundred within their limits. In some of the restrictive cantons the plea is made, that if they admit them at all, " they shall be flooded with low Jews ;" but it seems to be proved, that where they are treated like other people, they are not inferior in ambition or self-respect. In Alsatia, one of the southern provinces of France, there are forty thousand, and their children all attend school, and their employments are the same as those of so many people of any other nation. They are driven to peddling and mean offices by the narrow-minded policy of Christians ; and where allowed to pursue honourable callings, the proportion is not greater than among others of the mean, exacting, and dishonest.

The laws concerning Jews, in Switzerland, do not seem to be connected at all with the peculiar faith of the cantons ; as in one, which is entirely Protestant, they are free ; and in another, like Bâle, the policy is most illiberal and restrictive.

Tessino is the most thoroughly Catholic canton, and the Jew has there every privilege of other citizens; and also in the Catholic cantons, Friburg and Valois; while in Schwytz and Zug they are not allowed to come even within their borders. In Zurich they do not allow a Jew to live, trade, or own land without the consent of the commune where they wish to settle, and Lucerne does not grant naturalization to Jew or Christian either, as a right, but will sometimes bestow it as a favour. In Unterwald, the law prohibits them to reside, but they say no Jew ever asked the privilege! In Protestant Glarus, they are liberal; and in Protestant Appenzell, they are again restrictive.

It is impossible to reconcile these inconsistencies, otherwise than by the influence of families and local prejudice; and these do not seem sufficient to account for differences on this subject, or any other within so small a circle as the limits of Switzerland. Yet, in some cantons lying contiguous, there is scarcely any more resemblance in character, laws, or customs, than in people separated by seas.

Geneva is little more than twelve leagues in extent, and is surrounded by Catholics; and, except the part lying on the lake, and one little almost invisible corner which touches Canton Vaud, is en-

tirely bordered by empires and monarchies. In succession, Rome, Germany, France, and Savoy have quarreled with her and about her, the one rending her in twain, and the other appropriating her *in totum*, century after century; and yet she stands there, the proud little canton; never losing her nationality, or allowing others to mistake her identity. She is Geneva through all time and all changes.

Lake Lemman is first mentioned by Cæsar, who found it already bearing this name, or Liman, the *Lake of the Desert*. It is a pity it should not have retained one so poetical, and one which would admit the other cantons bordering on the sea to an equal participation, which would be no more than right, when she waters a larger portion of their territory than the one which shares her cognomen. It will seem very prosy to pass it by without some rhapsody, but nearly two hundred poems and romances have been written on its shores since Rousseau sung of "Clarens, sweet Clarens,"* and among the authors are Byron, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo. Their "beauties" are in every guide-book, and neither Mont Blanc, the Jura, or "sweet, placid Lemman," could receive any additional honour from our pen; but let no one presume that our heart has failed in its homage.

* Byron's words

Zeneva was the original word for Geneva, and in the middle ages the city was known as Gehenna. Her escutcheon is emblematical of her history, not having been changed since a century before her independence. A perpendicular line divides it into two equal parts, exhibiting on one side a field of gold with the half of a black eagle, and another side red, with a key turned wrongside up. The *Landweibel* appear also in yellow and red on election-day, the red being predominant. The arms were borrowed from the empire and Church, and signify the double rule to which the city was subjected in the middle ages.

The rural population* occupy only one-third of the canton, and on an average every two families own real estate. The manufacture of watches is the great industry of city and country, and busy fingers are at work upon the curious and almost invisible machinery, not only in the shops of the city, but in families as they have leisure, and in the cottages scattered here and there in the country.

The history and process of watchmaking are familiar to readers of all countries. In Germany, it dates to the middle of the fourteenth century. We read of a watch presented to Charles V., in 1350, not larger

* The rural life is nearly the same as in Canton Vaud.

than an almond. A goldbeater of Italy sent one to Duke Urbin, in 1542, small enough to be set in a ring. Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, left one to his brother, Bishop Ely, mounted on the head of an Indian gold-headed cane.

The society or corporation of watchmakers in France received their first regulations or laws from Louis XI., in 1483; and as an art, watchmaking was introduced into Switzerland in 1587, but did not become a science till the seventeenth century.

After the discovery of the oscillation of the pendulum by Galileo, other discoveries and improvements followed each other in quick succession, and clocks began to strike in every kitchen, and watches to tick in every pocket. Here they are within the means of the cook and the chambermaid, who do not seem to look upon them as any special ornament, but as useful only in telling when the meat is sufficiently roasted, or *Monsieur* will return to his lunch.

In Geneva the first laws concerning this industry are dated in the year 1600; and in 1685 there were one hundred master-watchmakers, finishing five thousand watches.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century clocks were applied to the determination of longitudes, and the mainspring and regulator perfected by scientific

Englishmen, repeaters invented, and weights employed in marine clocks.

Two distinguished Frenchmen, Romilly and Le Roy, whose names are familiar wherever a pendulum swings, invented the best methods of measuring time at sea ; and these inventions have been perfected till there seems nothing more to be done, but to make clocks and watches after the most approved patterns. Those who manufacture them now in greatest abundance know very little of the scientific principle upon which they *go* ; and machines have been constructed which fashion by means of steam and water power many of the most difficult parts. Those which are still the work of hands are scattered in different places, one making all the pointers and another all the wheels, a third produces a spring, and a fourth the pendulums, neither having the least idea of the use of the several parts, and no more idea of the really wonderful little watch as a whole, than he who makes ploughs or polishes curling irons. But they cannot be put together or kept in order without comprehending the principle upon which they are constructed, as well as the mechanism by which they are kept in operation.

The watchmaking industry attained its greatest height in 1789, when the city of Geneva alone em-

ployed four thousand workmen, besides two or three thousand in the country and in Savoy. In the year 1819, seventy thousand were finished, but now not more than half this number annually, though there are forty-seven factories for making the cases alone. They produce, besides, a million of dollars' worth of jewellery, employing between one and two thousand persons, of whom several hundred are women.

Geneva gold is considered the finest, and her ornaments the most beautiful. Some people profess to be able to distinguish them in the midst of any crowd. In order to prevent fraud, the Government appoints a committee of surveillance, who inspect every workshop and all the articles made in it, to be sure no unlawful weights or measures are used and no false alloy. The amount of gold used annually is seventy-five thousand ounces, besides five thousand marks of silver, and one hundred and ten thousand pounds' worth of precious stones.

The French custom-house allows each person to carry two Geneva watches across the border free, but for each one extra a duty of one dollar is demanded, which is very little compared to the ancient tariff, but perhaps the profit is not less to them, as smuggling has proportionally decreased.

The first steamboat was placed upon the lake by

an American in 1843, and was named the *William Tell*; now there are three or four in summer, and two in winter. All do not pass through the lake who visit the city, as many go directly through Savoy to Italy. The number of passports *viséed* in Geneva in a year are between twenty and thirty thousand; and in one year the number who travelled by the different public conveyances in all Switzerland was within six weeks five hundred thousand.

Four hundred emigrants from Geneva and Canton Vaud founded the Geneva of the New World in 1803, and a colony from Vevay in 1801, at the other end of the lake, founded New Vevay and Monterey in Indiana, where they planted the first vines. Several hundred went in 1833 from Bernese Oberland to Canada, and there is an alpina in New York, a glarus in Wisconsin, a highland in St. Louis, and a settlement from Basle and Appenzell in Kentucky, all baptising their homes in the New World with some appellation which reminded them of those they had left in the Old.

The English guide-book, upon the authority of some writer not mentioned, in alluding to the influence of Calvin in Geneva, remarks, that "He was chosen member of the consistory; and that this was scarcely inferior to an inquisition, claiming the right

to examine people's private affairs and those of their families, making laws concerning dress, and punishing all offenders with the greatest severity." As a specimen of these enactments they give the following, "that a dinner for ten persons shall be limited to five dishes ; that no one should be allowed to wear plush breeches ; violations of the Sabbath were to be publicly reprov'd, adultery punished with death, and the gamester to be obliged to stand in the pillory with a pack of cards tied round his neck."

They might have found far more ridiculous ones than these ; but we have sufficiently shown in the extracts we have given from the statute-books of other cantons that this peculiar and excessive legislation did not originate with Calvin, and was not confined to Geneva alone. In Catholic Lucerne at the same time the laws were of the same character ; and the scrutiny of the Government in all private affairs was not less severe, though the Church was subject to the state, and the clergy had nothing to do with the temporal power. It was the fault of the times, and among all nations the same. It is not many years since it was the law of England that no Roman Catholic should possess a horse that cost more than five pounds ; and we saw the other day, that a magistrate had been fined in an American city for a

violation of the Sabbath, though his sin was merely driving in a carriage, and what nobody now considered a sin, only that the law made a half century ago still remained on the statute-book, and some enemy availed himself of the opportunity to make the accusation.

In Germany and Austria this legislation concerning all these minutiae still exists, just as it did in England and America two hundred years ago; the Government exercising a constant supervision and interference in the petty daily routine of individual life. No laws of Calvin were more ridiculous than those now enforced every day in these imperial and princely dominions; and those who will examine the early provisions of the Puritans, will see that they began by taking the same care, meddling continually with what should be left to every person's private judgment.

In Switzerland there was scarcely any attempt to revise the law codes till within fifty years, and some stood in all their pristine barbarity till 1848, and a few are not changed yet. But Geneva is not of this number. The government of Calvin was austere, and his measures rigorous in the extreme; but what was particularly evil in his legislation ceased long ago, while the schools he founded and

the systems of improvement he instituted still exist. He was a misanthrope, not from his religion, but from his physical temperament. Zwinglius, with equal zeal in the same cause, was a social, genial man, not censorious even in those cold, harsh times, but tempering the truth he preached with a love and sympathy that made it all the more welcome.

All manner of benevolent and reformatory institutions are as numerous in Geneva as in Basle; and though it is not yet much to boast of, their affability and hospitality are a little more Christian and modern than in some other places.

In some respects the customs of society are the same in Switzerland as in Germany; in others, they are as different as if there were no relationship between them in language or contiguity. It is one of the unaccountable things to the solution of which we can never find any clue, how there should spring up here and there a point of etiquette, a peculiarity of dress, a manner of cooking, to distinguish a few who are in all other respects alike.

One sees, immediately on entering Switzerland, that women are much more free than in Germany. They are everywhere alone, walking, riding, visiting; and one feels instantly in any of their towns or villages that there is no such scrutiny or gossip

about a lady who may be travelling or residing among them for any purpose, either secret or revealed. They are altogether more given to minding their own affairs, for the reason, perhaps, that they would have very little time for anything else, if they undertook to look after those of people who pass through or stop a little while among them.

The most peculiar of their customs in social life is the formal arrangement of children into circles of friendship, called *Sociétés de Dimanche*, which continue through life. The parents select ten or twelve in the families of their acquaintances of the same age as their own, and they meet every week on Sunday—when children, to play, and as they grow older, to talk and dance, each child of the family having a circle of its own, the brothers and sisters not belonging to the same. When very young, the parents or guardians are present at their meetings; but as they grow older they are left to themselves, and the bonds of friendship and the promises of matrimony are formed with indissoluble ties, almost without the knowledge of others.

Chaperoning and matronizing are not at all the necessities they are in England, France, or Germany. Young ladies and gentlemen have pic-nics, rides, and excursions by themselves; and from all we can learn,

conduct themselves as properly, and remain through life as worthy, as the ladies of any other nation. But these circles to which they are confined tend to make them exclusive, narrow-minded, and awkward. Being accustomed from childhood to associate with a few in so intimate a manner, they are not at ease in the presence of others; they have no general topics of conversation, know nothing of the world, and, the society thus furnished them being sufficient, they take no interest in any one beyond it, for the purpose of pleasure or benevolence. We do not know how general this custom may be, but find it in the principal towns from the extreme north, Basle and Schaffhausen, to the extreme south. We never heard of anything of the kind in Germany, yet at a ball or party the supper and other ceremonies are nearly the same in both countries. Among the eight or ten thus bound together by the most intimate ties of friendship, each is also the *confidante* of some one in particular, to whom are confided all her secrets, to whom she goes for counsel, and whom she prefers in all things to any member of her own family. Sisters are often strangers to each other, and often, too, estranged by these very means. The members of the circle to which each belongs may not have the benefit of ordinary acquaintance. They are not

necessary to each other, because their sympathies are enlisted elsewhere. Between parents and children it is the same. It is strange a mother can be thus willing to renounce the affection and confidence of a daughter. The arrangement is with special reference to keeping them in what they deem "first society," and preserving them from plebeian associations. The boys of the circle are selected from families which render them proper matches for the girls, and with the hope that a mutual attachment will be formed. This is often the case, and an engagement made before the parents know anything of the matter. If anything so fortunate does not happen, they look around among those outside the circle for a suitable connexion, and with those whom the parents think proper the daughter must be satisfied.

When acquainted with the details of such an institution, one no longer wonders at the unsociality and exclusiveness of the Swiss. We almost wonder that they possess even a remnant of human sympathy; and many people who dwell among them for years really believe they do not. But, as we have elsewhere shown, it is not among the lowly that we find these things, and we have seen them when enjoying the liberty and benefits of another insti-

tution, where we have obtained a much more agreeable impression.

The swimming schools of Switzerland and Germany are more worthy of imitation. These are now universal; and along the banks of lakes and rivers are to be seen everywhere the little temples for the exercise of these graces. We have seen twenty or thirty at a time floating on the blue waves of Lake Lemán, and sporting in Zurich's bright waters, and never saw a merrier sight. The art of swimming is now considered an accomplishment, like that of dancing or drawing, and we think may very reasonably rank above both. It conduces far more to health, and quite as much to elegance and grace.

The arrangements are temporary in most places, being removed in winter; and consist of rows of rooms along the shore for dressing, from which they descend by stairs to the water, where a large enclosure is formed of boards, and if the water is deep, a floor made of planks, but all so loosely that the current of water is not suspended, but kept constantly fresh. A lady is the teacher, and for those who are expert, cords are stretched from side to side to be ready in case of accident, and for convenience in walking about; and around the waist a band, which connects with one held by the teacher, who leaves

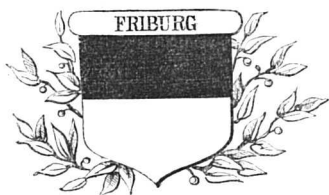
it loose unless danger requires it to be called to their aid. They are first taught to balance themselves on the water, then to use the limbs, and when thoroughly at ease, all supports are thrown off and they glide about like dolphins, and splash like so many porpoises, turning somersets, swimming upon their backs, and performing all manner of gymnastics, with no more fear than the natives of the watery element. No exercise can be so healthful, as it calls into play every muscle, is exhilarating, and, with so many together, a diverting amusement, as it admits of the utmost *abandon* without possibility of danger to morals or delicacy. They have a uniform of red, or white, or grey, according to their taste, so loose as not to interfere with free motion, and black oil silk caps for the hair. Often they pass the limits of their little domain, and sail far out into the open water, a phalanx of mermaids, and would certainly not be the timid creatures women usually are if wrecked on the ocean. We should like to know that every sea and river in America could exhibit a similar scene.

The list of *savans* in Geneva would equal that of Zurich in length, and no words of ours could add to their renown. It was not the birthplace of Calvin, but was the theatre of his labours, and of many of the scarcely less bright and shining lights of his

time. His house is still the Mecca of Protestant pilgrims. Rousseau was born in Geneva, and she gave Solone to England, Le Clerc to Holland, Lefort to Russia, and Neckar to France. Here, too, was the home of Vernet, of De Luc, Provost, Baulacre, Romilly, Le Sage, Diodati, Mallet, Pictet, Berenger, D'Ivernois, and Jalabert. Voltaire did not live in the city, but it was the scenery around her waters that tempted him to form his little paradise at Ferner, and that has tempted from time to time nearly all the *beaux esprits* of Paris; and her lake has been the nucleus around which have gathered those of all the world, especially the unfortunate who must fly from oppression, or who sought a solace for their misfortunes. The history of these alone would form an interesting volume, without including what they have themselves written. Byron found it "beautiful as a dream;" and one can almost rejoice at the affliction which sent him forth a lonely wanderer when he reads the "Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," and "Childe Harold," the songs which he sang on Geneva's banks. Madame de Stael, surrounded by her brilliant coterie, lived at *Coppet*. The new castle was owned first by Count Dolina, and next fell into the hands of a rich banker of St. Gall, not a millionaire merely, but the lord of many

millions. In the reign and through the injustice of Louis XIV. he was despoiled, and died in the miserable hut of a poor woman of Versailles. It then became the possession of the minister of this king, the father of Madame de Stael. She was the magnet which attracted all the sages, philosophers, and literati of the then known world, a constellation perhaps the most brilliant which has ever shone upon it. Napoleon scattered them to the four winds, though he could not put out their light—alas! that he should have learned afterwards so bitterly what it was to be a fugitive and exile. There is scarcely a sod of the republic which has not been pressed by the foot of the unfortunate. When will despots learn to make their own so free that they walk over it without fear, and meet their own subjects without trembling?

We need not mention D'Aubigne, whose "History of the Reformation," enchanting as romance, is read in every village of America. There are still wise men in her university, and literati, both men and women, whose names will be recorded by future historians as worthy to stand side by side with those of the past.



CHAPTER X.

FRIBURG.

GRUYÈRE CHEESE—GESSENAY SHEPHERDS—CHEESE ARISTOCRACY
—SWISS SONG—INFLUENCE OF AMUSEMENTS—LEGENDS.

IF one mentions having been in Friburg, he is immediately asked, "Did you hear the organ, and did you taste of Gruyère cheese?" The organ is in the Church of St. Nicholas, and called the first in the world. Its size is that of a small church, and its music that of all the spheres, and, of course, indescribable. The cheese we tasted on shipboard, while crossing the Atlantic, and have never ventured to do so since, even when in their midst. They are made among the mountains which occupy the southern part of Friburg, the northern part of Valois, and the western part of Berne; all bearing the name of Gruyère, one of the oldest, quaintest, and most curious of all the old towns in Switzerland.

Among these Alpine pastures may be seen all the grades of shepherd life, and every variety of mountain scenery. On the heights of Gessenay one may go to sleep in Lapland and awake in Sicily, if he spends the night in almost any of its huts, which the rocks cover so completely that not a ray of the sun penetrates the atmosphere till in all its midday splendour it bursts upon the view, and for a little while the heat is so intense that the same rocks are sought for shelter which a few hours before seemed like icebergs.

The whole region is one vast pasture-land; and the people, father, mother, and children, are shepherds. They have no permanent residences in summer, but, literally, not only take up their beds, but their houses, and walk. The same is true of the Simmenthal. Each hill is covered thickly with houses, not with a proprietor in every one, but many being the property of an individual, those for the cattle having nearly the same appearance as those for a family.

They are all built of wood, the upper story consisting of long timbers of pine, so arranged as to give free course to the air, and the roof kept in place by great stones. Each beam and rafter is numbered and called by name, so that if "the winds

blow, and the floods come to beat upon the house," the fall thereof may be great, but the misfortune can be easily remedied. It does not take long to rebuild; and though it is upon a rock, and not upon sand, they are very often carried away. Like the Arab, they travel with their tents, though they are of wood and stone instead of cloth; and they cross ravines and ford streams instead of wading through the sands of the desert.

There is scarcely an acre of cultivated ground to be seen; now and then a little hemp or flax, or patch of potatoes; but it is only within the last half century that they have thought of eating bread, and when wheat was introduced it created almost a revolution. It was one of those dangerous innovations, which must first be mentioned cautiously, lest the State should be placed in peril, and extravagance corrupt the people! They used to bake little barley cakes, which, like sea-biscuit, were affected by no changes, and enough were made in spring to last through all their migrations.

Their wealth is cheese, and their heirlooms are also cheese. Whoever enters the right storehouse, may see one bearing the date of 1643. By some they are asserted to improve by keeping, and others declare them to be no better than sawdust when

past a *certain age*! For ourselves, they seem the same whether old or young, and to have in them no good thing; yet they go as luxuries beyond the Mississippi and the Ganges, to America, India, and the islands of the seas. These tufted knolls afford nourishment, not only to the tenants of the cot, but to the proudest prince and nabob in his palace.

But not only are cheese their wealth and heirlooms, but the basis of their aristocracy. The shepherds of Gessenay and the surrounding Alps are also magistrates and other officials, and yet do not disdain to drive their own cows to pasture, and superintend the operations of the dairy. They are the simplest of herdsmen, and have no higher ambition.

But a little lower are the dwellers in the ample and picturesque *chalets*, with servants to whom they say, "Go, and he goeth; come, and he cometh." They neither drive cows themselves, nor milk them; they are a few feet below their neighbours, and feel many degrees above them. We descend yet a little, and find those who only buy and sell the cheese after they are deposited in the storehouse: they are financiers; neither manufacturers nor petty dealers, but wholesale and commission merchants, not at all to be classed with the people at the middle or top of the mountain.

The size of the cheese has also something to do with defining this aristocracy. Great proprietors with large pastures make larger cheeses, and sell them at greater advantage. Like all other people who have the means, they indulge in luxuries, and assume something of state, though dwelling in a *chalet*. Others imitate them as they become able, and thus follow all ranks, till the owner of a few cows in a single Sennhut among the rocks ends the train.

But cheese are also subject to the fluctuations of the market; and, in these cases, those "of giant mould" are the first to feel the effects. Then the little cheeses begin to look up, and aristocracy bows its head; the levelling principle applied to the next of rank is *upwards* and not *downwards*; and so the little world is balanced among those solitudes in the same way as in the city among millionaires.

With the shepherds of Gessenay, every move is a *fête*; and when they have only to cross a stream, or exchange one side hill for another, or mount to the top of the next ledge, the procession is arranged in the same order; the cow with the silver bell taking the lead, the master of the troop with his shrill horn, and the young men and maidens, crowned with flowers, following according to their rank,

singing songs, and filling the air with merry music. The picture of pastoral life is far pleasanter when whole families dwell also in huts on the mountain, as it relieves the dreary solitude, which one cannot help thinking is neither pleasant nor healthful.

We are almost ready to say with the proverbial line, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Here there is evidently the happiness which consists in ignorance and carelessness of all the world beside. No prince looks with more complacency upon his subjects than he who sits upon some great boulder and watches his herds, one group descending a steep, another coming out of a wood, a third traversing a prairie, till all are collected around him; not less proud or tenacious of their rank than the "Geheim-räthe" and "Obergerichtsräthe" of Deutschland around the throne. The songs of the milkers are not from cowboys alone, though theirs are sufficiently merry.

" THE SWISS BOY.

I.

" Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy !
Take thy pail, and to labour away.
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy !
Take thy pail, and to labour away.
The sun is up with ruddy beam,
The kine are thronging to the stream,
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy !
Take thy pail, and to labour away.

II.

“ Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie to the mountains away ?
For then a shepherd maiden dear
Awaits my song with listening ear,
Am not I, am not I, then, a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie to the mountains away ?

III.

“ Then at night, then at night, oh ! a gay Swiss boy !
I'm away, to my comrades away.
The cup we fill, the wine is pass'd
In friendship round, until at last,
With good night, and good night, goes the happy Swiss boy
To his home and his slumbers away ! ”

Because “ a maiden dear, may await his song with listening ear,” it follows, that loves and marriages both take place whilst they are watching the herds and tending the flocks, but they are usually deferred to be solemnized on festal days in the village during the winter. \

The well-meant but ill-directed zeal of the reformers led them to forbid the dance and song and festive mirth, not knowing that, unless they substituted something in their place, they only produced an aching void, which drove the revellers to darker deeds. The human mind cannot live on vacancy, and it must be one of marvellous construction that can support itself on solitude. Statistics prove, that

excitement does not cause so much insanity as meditation; and not so many cases of madness occur in great cities as in rural solitudes. The first case of suicide among these simple Alpine people was known when they were condemned to practise the forms of a new religion without understanding anything of its spirit. Neither their minds nor hearts had received any cultivation that fitted them for a serious and earnest life. What were they to do, or think about, suddenly condemned to idleness, with no food for thought, and no idea of even the meaning of meditation?

Statistics also prove, that there are not so many cases of insanity among Catholics generally as among Protestants. One reason may be, that the assurances which they continually receive of pardon, and their credulity with regard to the efficacy of the means they use for salvation, preserve them from disturbing doubts and fears, and the amusements which they are allowed divert them from speculations which avail nothing even with strong and healthy intellects, and must surely destroy weak ones, if they do not utterly distract them.

We do not give this as an argument in favour of Catholicism, but only as a fact. There is no reason why Protestants should not be as happy as Catholics,

Those who are ignorant, or those who need it for any reason, whether of one faith or another, should be furnished with healthful amusement; and those who are content with intellectual cultivation and resources, should endeavour for an hour to conceive what they would do without them.

A lady sits in her pleasant parlour, surrounded by every comfort, and reads in the columns of a newspaper, that "there is to be a ball on Sunday evening, for servants and apprentices." She exclaims in great horror against such a desecration of the Sabbath, and wonders how people can indulge in such low amusements. We do not say to her, but we are very sure, had these people possessed her advantages for cultivation, and had they a beautiful house like hers in which to receive company, and could they purchase as many books and pictures, be entertained with music, and surround themselves with every luxury to minister to their senses or their souls, they would never once think of a dance in a miserable inn. To give them her pleasures, till they are capable of enjoying them, would be no kindness; but how many of them would she be willing to deny herself, in order that they might be elevated and purified to enjoy what she does?

It is the testimony of every traveller, that the

difference between Catholic and Protestant Switzerland is observed instantaneously when the line is crossed which divides them. The Catholics are not so intelligent, not so well clothed, and live not in so good houses. They usually occupy the regions most cold and rugged. Among the shepherds they form the greatest proportion. Their life is simple, their amusements many, and their religious ceremonies performed with a grandeur which attracts and wins them. They are happy on earth, and believe they are fitted for heaven. They do not see the need of anything more.

A Frenchman soliloquizes concerning them in the following manner. "Protestants spread in the valleys and cities, and are industrious and rich. They have manufactories and gazettes—they *calculate* rather than *live*. Their lives are passed between the comptoir and manufactory. They give to the service of God only the time when they can do nothing else. Sober, cold, and quiet—they are rich. It is not the fault of the politicians of Basle that they do not set a printing-press or factory on every pinnacle of the Alps; but when they have made the shepherds as wise as journalists, of Capuchins philanthropists, of the herdsmen as many weavers as at St. Gall, or *beaux esprits* as at Lausanne, what will

they gain? With all the effort and good-will in the world, could they make finer men than at Appenzell, or more beautiful women than at Engleberg? All science could not make the pastures produce anything but grass, or the milk anything but cheese! Should they live in palaces, could they breathe a better air than on the Alps, or repose on bank-notes, could they sleep more sweetly than in their cots? Would they be more happy, when with more wealth they had acquired more care? And should it ever happen, that another revolution swept over Switzerland, would not the men of Uri or Valois defend their country as bravely as a gazetteer of Aargau, a rhetorician of Lausanne, or a banker of Basle?"

This reasoning sounds very well, but it is sophistry, nevertheless. They might defend their country as bravely to be sure, but no more so; and when there is calamity from fire, or sword, or pestilence, whose bank-notes is it that builds again the cottages, gives food and clothing to the poor, and bids peace and plenty smile again in the desolate land? For centuries, the monks and their establishments were supported by collections from every part of Switzerland; and the poor who crossed the mountains in their pilgrimages, or to sell their cattle and produce, were

entertained free, and if they were sick, had every care "without money and without price."

It is not the whole of religion to attend church or make long and many prayers. That this proves a very pleasant and profitable diversion to those who have no other way of spending their time we doubt not; but there is a higher faith and better charity than this. It requires far more grace to perform well the active duties of life, than it does to listen to fine music, good sermons, or beautiful prayers. A man may be a better Christian in a counting-house than in a cathedral, because it depends entirely on the motive with which he performs the duties of both places whether he is a Christian at all. The herdsmen of Uri and Valois may be as good and happy as the merchants of Basle, Zurich, and St. Gall, but this is no reason for leaving them in ignorance and superstition. Neither is it of any use to make laws forbidding them, or any other class of people, to dance or make merry, so long as they are not educated for a higher life. Those who preach to them from the pulpit should also do more; and those who sit in pleasant parlours and call them heathen, should ask, "What has made the difference between me and thee?" Christ not only preached "the sermon on the mount," but he walked about

among the people, attended their weddings and their feasts, entered their cottages, and partook of their humble fare. Who does not see that the presence of superior refinement and intelligence on any of these occasions would soften the merriment and refine the character? Alas! from whom shall we expect such an effort and such a sacrifice, among all those who deplore the degeneracy and ignorance of the people—among those who profess to be the disciples and followers of Him who “went about doing good”?

The law again allowed the peasants of Gessenay first to dance on week-days and at certain annual festivals; but now there is no restriction—they may dance all the year. It was found they would resort to the woods and ravines at midnight, and the evil consequences became more, and had a more frightful fatality, than when they were permitted to assemble at proper times and in proper places.

They have a curious custom of assembling at little inns called cabarets, after morning service in church at New Year's Eve, every unmarried youth conducting a maiden, whom he has chosen for the occasion. They spend two or three days there together, and when they leave are betrothed. The marriages are performed at the Feast of Annunciation, when they

go in pairs to church, powdered to correspond with their mountains, and the bridegroom carrying a long sword. If it is a widow who marries, they choose a king, and bear him on their shoulders around the village, with great noise and shouting, finishing with theatricals, representing various scenes in their history.

A traveller relates, that one day, when climbing the mountains, he met a young girl who had sole charge of the flocks and herds, no other person being within miles of her. He asked her to give him a cup of milk. She answered, "The milk belongs to my mother." "But I am very thirsty," said the wanderer. She looked down a moment in deep thought, and then ran quickly away, and soon returned with a foaming tankard. He offered her money, and she said with serious surprise, "You told me you were thirsty, and I gave you milk; what would my mother say if I *sold* her milk?"

Similar instances of patriarchal unworldliness are still to be met everywhere among the shepherds, and still a thousand years may leave them unchanged. So long as their life is so simple, their hearts and minds must retain a corresponding childish simplicity.

Their superstitions have the same character, and

their mythology is fashioned according to their mountain domains and their daily labours. Any calamity in their dairies is ascribed to evil spirits, and fortunately the countercharm is not less convenient than the instruments of evil. By striking upon the cauldron of cheese, insupportable torments are inflicted upon the invisible inhabitants of the air, and put an end to their machinations.

A young shepherd was tempted to leave his herds and follow the chamois, but no success attended him. He wandered far and wide, and at length lost his way and sunk to the earth from weariness and exhaustion. Then appeared one of the spirits of the mountain, and said, "The chamois which you hunt are mine, why do you make war upon them? Arise and return to your flocks, and if you trespass no more upon my domains, you will again prosper." He was then guided by the spirit to his cabin, and deserted not again his troops.

Long ago there lived, in a fertile valley of the Senetsch, an old woman, so rich that she could cover with her cheese all the way from the village to the mountain, but she was also miserly, and so avaricious that she would not give a morsel to the poor or the hungry. One day she met a woman very old and destitute, who begged her for a bit of cheese. She

refused, leaving her to famish by the wayside. But it was an angel in human form, who immediately arose and shook the mountains, so that their foundations gave way, and the valley was devastated with ruins. To this day it is called "*Mont Perdu*," as a warning to all against inhospitality and avarice.

The inhabitants of Friburg are divided into three distinct classes—German, Burgundian, and Roman. In the region of Gruyère they belong to the last division, having a peculiar language, a peculiar dress, and a peculiar beauty. They wear little felt hats, with many flowers, ribbons, and laces. The hair is drawn back from the forehead, so tight that it leaves the top of the head soon bald, being braided and tied with a velvet ribbon. The scarlet bodice is laced, and very stiff, giving them an ungraceful air, especially when old. Among the German population, the dress is like that of Berne, with the exception of little black caps crimped up at both sides. In other villages, on the borders of Vaud, the head is weighed down with great crushing braids of hair, matted with oil, and surrounded with a broad-brimmed straw hat. But on festival days scarlet is the universal costume, with a black silk apron, a white kerchief on the neck, and silver chain, to which is attached a round box, which they carry as a charm.

Bulle, some fifteen miles from Friburg, and near Gruyère, is the great *dépôt* for the cheeses as they come down from the mountains, for the wood which is cut in the forest, and the straw which is braided in the valleys. It is here, therefore, that the great fairs are held, and droves of fatted cattle come in autumn to find purchasers, and where the hats are gathered together by hundreds and thousands; and a little further down, at Romont and St. Dennis, the beautiful horses are prancing and neighing which have been trained in the little republic to form the cavalry legions of kings and emperors.

Friburg is not less interesting in its history and development than the other cantons; but we have dwelt so long upon the present, that we have no room for the past. The people are mostly Catholic, and the influence of the priesthood, with that of the Government, was against culture. Before 1798, there was not a school in the country; and every one who could read and write was considered a marvel. But in 1807, the famous Peter^{*} Girard^{*} commenced a system of instruction which spread his renown as a pedagogue throughout Europe, and in 1830 the Government assumed the care of public education. To send their children to school from the age of six

^{*} Girard was a monk.

to fifteen is obligatory upon all parents; and the State supports a normal school for the preparation of teachers, who have a fund, which the Government also aids, for the assistance of the sick and infirm.

The cantonal colours are black and white, in equal proportions, and the votes at elections given still by the simple mode of raising the hands.

The modern methods of agriculture have been universally adopted, and every village has its union dairy as in Canton Vaud, the number of cows having increased many thousands in a few years, and the value of each cow also many per cent.

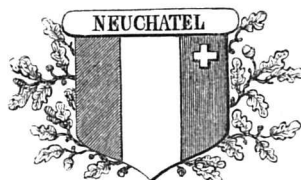
Straw-braiding, as we have said, is the principal industry, besides cheese, and there must be nearly a hundred thousand square rods of land devoted to raising rye and wheat to obtain the material. Upon this same land, between four and five thousand quarters of grain would be reaped if it were allowed to ripen, thus taking, it might seem, so much from the amount of bread in all countries where straw is braided. But, of course, without the demand for straw, no such quantities of rye or wheat would be sown: the people know whether it is more profitable to make hats or loaves, and would not do the one if the other yielded the greater benefit in any way.

Hunting is a privilege granted by the State, but

upon the voices of the singing birds there is no price, and they seem to be more in number than in any other forests, and sing in sweeter strains. The flowers, too, are of marvellous beauty.

The ladies of the city have the gifts of grace in manner and conversation; but the city itself is so old that its age cannot be told, and its beauties are all of the dilapidated order. The bridge across the river Saane is, like their organ, one of the wonders of the world, and built by natives of the canton, who had never seen a suspension-bridge before. The architect was a Frenchman. It looks, at a distance, like a thread stretched across; but when it was finished, in 1834, the bishop of the town, the members of the Government, and two thousand persons marched over it twice in procession, preceded by a military band. It was one of the grandest gala days in the experience of the canton, though popes and cardinals have marched through her streets. This was a great triumph of art, and a noble monument of their public spirit.

The architect of their organ was born on their soil, and they have produced a painter second only to Holbein. A naturalist from Friburg is attached to the royal gardens of Paris, and they boast of many historians and military men.



CHAPTER XI.

NEUCHÂTEL.

QUEEN BERTHA—TROUBLE WITH PRUSSIA—MILITARY SYSTEM—
WATCH-MAKING—LANGUAGE.

THE history of Neuchâtel has been the most intricate, and her life the most turbulent, of any of the cantons, and only since two years has she been quite settled in full membership with the Confederacy. At the time of her alliance, and ever afterwards, she was a sort of principedom or landgravate, belonging first to one ducal house and then to another, who, either by conquest or inheritance, claimed a right to rule over her.

The country was first held *in fief* by one of the princes of the house of Burgundy; and in the tenth century Queen Bertha, wife of Rudolph II., ruled, who was beloved in her life, and mourned in her death, and whose memory is still precious among the people.

She was called *Bertha the Spinner*, and in Neuchâtel and Canton Vaud the anecdotes and legends concerning her are the winter tales and summer visions of every household. She is said to have founded the Collegiate Church of Neuchâtel, in 938, and there to have had her principal castle, though it was then but a small *bourg*, with a few dwellers in huts for its inhabitants. But she went from village to village, stopping a little time with one prince, and then with another; and as she rode along she was an example to all women, for she held the distaff before her, "spinning as she went."* Her husband was long absent in Italy, and she ruled his subjects as a loving mother rules her children. In a little church in one village, where she is represented as having set the example of spinning, is a picture of her, under which is written, "*Bertha, the humble Queen.*"

She established in every cloister a school for youth, a hospital for the sick, and provision for travellers. She caused many fortresses to be built for protection, and her husband also regarded the rights of the people; so that everywhere now, those who respect industry, economy, and piety, mention their

* It is said also that she rode after the fashion of men, otherwise she could not have spun.

names with the same honour and love as that of the fatherland.

After a wet winter, the peasants still believe she appears and scatters a sackful of treasures over the land. It was she who caused the vines to be planted; and once she saw afar off a maiden spinning while she tended her sheep, and bestowed upon her gifts to encourage industry. She knew how many eggs were laid in her *hennery*, and attended to her maidens at the wheel, and the labourers in the field.

It is not strange that the descendants of one whose memory was so cherished should have also found favour in the eyes of the people, though they were far from inheriting her virtues. In the course of centuries, the claimants to the little principedom became very numerous, so that, in the commencement of the thirteenth century, there were thirteen who professed to inherit sole right and title to the succession. Their power was not very great, to be sure, as the people guarded jealously their rights and privileges; yet, whoever lived in the castle was called "*Prince of Neuchâtel*." In 1707 the heirs of one line became extinct, and it was necessary to choose another. Frederic I. of Prussia was one of the pretenders; and, because he was a Protestant, and they were just then very jealous of France and Catho-

licism, they gave the preference to him, exacting, at the same time, a promise that he would confirm them in their rights and privileges, and not disturb their alliance with the Swiss. Thus they remained a century, when, in the wars and treaties with Napoleon, France again acquired possession of Neuchâtel; and when her fortunes changed once more, it fell back to Prussia.

In the meantime there had risen a strong party, who wished to make the canton a republic and ally on equal terms with the other states of the Confederacy; and the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, whilst acknowledging Prussia as nominal chief in Neuchâtel, incorporated it also as one of the cantons of the Swiss Confederation. So it remained till 1830, with a republican party striving to get entirely free from Prussia, and a royalist party striving as earnestly to effect a separation from the Swiss. The majority of the people wished to belong to Switzerland; and, from its position and relationship, this seemed the most natural appropriation.

The French revolution disturbed them again, and it was soon found that the half-way connexion was a hindrance, rather than a help, to the Confederation. In trouble, Neuchâtel could be of no service, because she was not free to act her pleasure; and when the

new constitution was formed, in 1848, the Confederacy refused to admit her on the old terms, and a Prussian army was soon on her borders.

It was evident to both parties that there could be no more peace without war, yet diplomacy, and the interference of the "great powers," deferred an open rupture several years still.

The royalist party, however, were not idle, and, on the night of September 2d, 1856, the people were surprised by a party taking possession of the castle, imprisoning the members of the Government, and proclaiming the King of Prussia.

The republicans flew to arms, and their friends in the neighbouring cantons came quickly to their aid. Seven hundred royalists were taken prisoners, and the old Government restored. Prussia felt bound, of course, "to maintain her honour," and succeeded in winning France to join her in threatening all manner of evils to Switzerland if the rebels in Neuchâtel were not subdued.

The Federal Government had not hitherto meddled in the matter, as the little canton did not belong to them, but when France stood defiant on one side, and Germany offered free passage to a Prussian army to march to their destruction, it was time for the Government to awake. It was a good opportunity

of proving their union and their strength ; and there was great rejoicing among the crowned heads and the advocates of the "right divine," as they were sure an end was now to be made for ever of the troublesome republic.

It was not ten days before the Christmas of 1857 that the decree was issued setting forth the danger, and when the festal morning arrived it found 16,000 homes deprived of husband, son, or brother, who had voluntarily shouldered the gun and knapsack, and in an hour transformed themselves into soldiers for the defence of the fatherland, and by each Christmas fire were the arms of those who remained, to be ready at a moment's warning. The forest cantons, who were themselves the rebels in the war of the *Sonderbund*, had already forgotten their private feuds, and rallied to a man around the common standard. Many, too, in other lands, when the intelligence reached them, hastened home, never thinking a moment of private interests when there was a common danger.

This was an unexpected demonstration, and the armies of kings and empires resolved to pause before engaging in such a strife. Diplomacy was again invoked, and Prussia at length resigned her claim to what she had no power to hold, and Neuchâtel became a member of the Swiss Confederacy. But the

lovers of court titles and liveries are still many within her limits, and their pretensions, if not their hopes, are far from being extinguished.

During these troubles many families of both parties lost their possessions. In Prussia a subscription was opened for the suffering nobility, and 112 thalers obtained, which was, a long time afterwards, increased by a rich lady to 7,525! Among the Swiss, more than a hundred thousand francs were received immediately for the families of soldiers who had lost husbands or brothers, and in one factory the labourers, eighty-seven in number, taxed themselves for this object, and contributed nine hundred francs, and the proprietors 1,440.

A large debt was left by the princely government, which has been entirely liquidated by their successors.

All Switzerland had for the first time acted in perfect unison. This increased their confidence, showed them the benefit of one united government, and proved to all Europe that neither the Government nor its military were to be despised.

In Switzerland, as in Prussia, every man is required to be a soldier when he arrives at the age of twenty years; but in all things else the systems of the two countries have no resemblance. For military

exercises and instruction no Swiss is required to spend so much time as to interfere with his trade or profession, or to prevent his having a home, which will attach him all the more to his country, and make him all the more brave in its defence. Every town and commune has its *muster-ground*, where certain companies are required to practise two afternoons a week, others one, or at specially appointed times. Each furnishes his own uniform, which is very simple; but the Government or State supplies the guns and ammunition, drums, trumpets, and other musical instruments. These companies meet at stated periods for evolutions, and every two years there is a grand review, at which every canton, and perhaps every company, is represented. At *Thoune* there is a military school for the education of officers and those who instruct the companies of the different cantons, which is of course supported by the Federal Government, and in every canton an arsenal.

Besides these, schoolboys from ten to fifteen are formed into companies, in regular uniform, with arms, music, and colours, to be drilled by regular officers with not less care than are those who are required by law to learn the same tactics. We have seen them marching into town in columns half a mile long, with all the regularity of veteran troops.

The willingness with which every man marches, not only to the parade-ground, but to the battle-field, is in striking contrast to the hatred manifested in Germany to a system which requires the sacrifice of the best years of their lives without any hope of reward. In 1854, Austria found, in making her usual enrolments, 1,414 who had voluntarily mutilated themselves for life, to get rid of the detested service; and in the Bavarian Pfalz of 600,000 inhabitants, during the two years of 1853 and 1854, it is found that 9,341 have secretly fled their country to evade the same requirement.* It is not the battle-field or the defence of their country which they flee, but the waste of time in life's best period, which unfits them for the duties on which life and position depend.

For the defence of important posts, peculiarly exposed to an invading army, strong fortresses have been built; and a fund has been created for the assistance of those who are disabled in war, and the families of those who fall in battle. This fund was increased by a legacy of about one hundred thousand pounds sterling, from a rich Genevese, which was certainly a valuable and honourable testimony of his confidence in the Federal Government and its

* Dr. Kolb, of Speier.

military system. The facility with which they rallied and formed a bulwark on their borders, when the last cry of war resounded throughout Europe, proved their capabilities equal to that of any army in Europe; and that years of discipline do not make legions invulnerable was proved when Austrians fell by thousands on Italian plains before French and Italian enthusiasm.

The eagle of Hohenzollern was not only banished from the land, but also removed from the escutcheon of the Neuchâtelois, where it had been engrafted upon the crown, which was originally upon their national ensign, with three broken rafters of silver upon a shield of red. Now appears a small cross upon a red stripe, which, with two others of white and green, divides the whole into three equal parts, cut vertically. Whether these have any reference to the peculiarity of this canton in possessing three distinct climates we do not know; but, though only forty square leagues in extent, she is by her lake and her mountains as distinctly divided into three zones of frigid, temperate, and torrid. Her pastures occupy one, her cultivated fields another, and her vineyards a third.

Her industry is also divided into three distinct branches—the making of lace, printing of calico, and manufacture of watches. Trade and commerce experienced from the earliest times scarcely any restric-

tions, and in the last few years villages have grown to towns with a rapidity not equalled anywhere on the Continent.

So early as 1700 laces were made, which were carried by *colporteurs* to the South of France and Italy, and in 1742 nearly three thousand persons were employed in this industry. Not only women and children, but aged men are seen with the *kloppers*, which are confined mostly to *Val de Travers*, where now some five or six thousand devote a portion of their time to them, but where agriculture also claims their first attention, and the lace, like the ribbons of Basle and the muslin of Appenzell, is the *knitting-work* for the leisure hours. It lies about till it is black as smoke and dust can make it, and is then rendered beautiful by bleaching and pressing, the whole process being more marvellous than in articles wrought with a needle.

There are still a few of the old houses, where the only chimney is a few planks, to give a little direction to the smoke, which, however, submits itself to no such guidance, till it has converted the walls into soot; but they are fast disappearing, and those which take their place are great square buildings, ample in all their provisions, with stone-floors and brick chimneys, walls and roofs of wood.

Moitiers, where Rousseau lived and wrote his "Letters from the Mountains," is the most ancient village of *Val de Travers*; but here, as well as in some of the others, there are very patrician-looking residences, which may for all we know be inhabited by genuine Swiss patricians.

We are more interested in those who dwell in the cottages which are scattered among the mountains, or stand in long rows along the streets, forming connecting links to the villages. Here are the watchmakers. Though they had long been made elsewhere, the people of Neuchâtel had not seen a watch so late as 1679, when an Englishman, who was travelling through the valley of the Sagne, found his own out of order, and asked, if there was any one who could repair it. A boy fourteen years old, who had become known in the valley for his skill in various handicrafts, was recommended, and not only succeeded in setting it right, but attempted to make one like it. Six months he studied and toiled, and at length completed one, of which every part, not only of the interior, necessary to motion, but the case, gilding, and engraving, were all made by himself. With the aid of his brothers he finished several, all being very simple, and having but one hand. Others learned of them, and in the course of

half a century they made two or three hundred with very little improvement in the outward appearance or machinery.

Towards 1750 three brothers, by the name of Perrelet, invented many machines to facilitate the manufacture of watches, and afterwards made important discoveries in science, which are mentioned elsewhere.

Berthoud, who wrote a celebrated treatise on watch-making, was born in a village of Neuchâtel, and his nephew perfected marine clocks. Breguet was of a refugee family, and afterwards became the most celebrated watchmaker of Paris, where his grandson is now the heir of his genius and his wealth.

Between two and three hundred thousand are finished annually among these villages, a great portion of which go to Geneva, and gain an extra value in the eyes of purchasers by assuming a city name.

It is always a curious problem, but alas! never solved, why people choose such dreary solitudes for their habitations, when there are thousands of sunny slopes and smiling valleys with room enough and to spare.

Among these mountains of the Jura the sky is black, the air is grey, and the snow is blue. In the

course of the year they have 230 days of rain, or snow, or clouds, and only 135 of clear weather. The severe storms are not very many, but the summer is one long drizzling rain; the houses are saturated with water, and thus quickly decay, besides having a peculiarly dismal appearance; and the people are not only saddened, but embittered by their climate. They are shut out from all the rest of the world, absorbed in the labour of very little things, and thus become narrow and gloomy in their minds and temperaments.

But the rains keep the summer verdure of a most brilliant green, and the winter nights have a peculiar splendour. The blue of the sky seems darker than elsewhere, so that the stars in their countless myriads seem imbedded in jet, and the little shops, brilliantly illuminated for the long evening toil, seem to answer to the lights of heaven.

The snow sometimes falls to the depth of thirty feet, and when it has attained the height of two feet, it assumes a beautiful azure tint, which cannot be reflected from the firmament, because it is brightest when the sky is overcast with clouds, a fact which no philosopher has yet been able to explain.

Not only the watches, but all the materials necessary to the mechanism are perfected; and men,

women, and children are all employed on some article of gold, silver, wood, ivory, glass, shell or enamel, and in the larger shops are exhibited all the different kinds of timekeepers for land and sea in every part of the world.

Professor Agassiz is still a citizen of Neuchâtel, where he was formerly professor, and the Museum in return professes to be greatly indebted to him for all sorts of monstrosities in the form of geological, conchological, and zoological specimens.

Purysburg, in South Carolina, was settled by a colony from this canton in 1734; and the leader, who gave his name to the settlement, left to his native city, forty years later, the sum of a million of dollars, which he acquired as jeweller, owner of mines, banker, &c.; and a hospital, orphan house, and various other institutions and improvements are the results of his beneficence. From the villages of the Jura two hundred went to North Carolina in 1804, and purchased lands belonging to Kosciusko.

There is scarcely anything remaining of old customs or old life, less, perhaps, than in any other canton. The religion is Protestant, but in all temporal things subject to the State, which takes care of the revenues and pays the pastors. The law makes public instruction obligatory in every com-

mune, and the poor are taught gratis. Teachers are obliged to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution. In the departments of natural history, mechanics, and the fine arts, Neuchâtel has produced many distinguished men. Guyot, Lesquereus, and Matile have also gone to America. Brandt, a distinguished engraver of medals, recently died at Berlin; and Forster, of Locle, obtained the medal of honour at the Paris Exposition, in 1855.

The Swiss often become famous as individuals without bringing any honour to their country; because, having either a German or French name, they are supposed by other nations to originate in one of these countries; and only those who are acquainted with them personally, or happen to read their tombstones, ever learn that they are natives of Switzerland. We have more than once heard English people inform Germans of the works of certain English authors, quite in ignorance that they were American; and the Tauchnitz edition, published at Leipsic, makes no distinction between those of one country and the other, calling all English who speak this notable language.

We cannot help thinking always in Switzerland, it is a pity they have not one national language, though in time, perhaps, German may become so.

It is infinitely amusing to be obliged to ask, on all occasions, before addressing a Swiss, what language he speaks; for though we know that upon the eastern borders their language is French, and on the northern German, there are many indefinite limits, where it is far from certain whether they speak one or the other. If in a hotel, we begin with asking for the *pfeffer*, and, not obtaining it, we say *poivre*, to find at last that an English waiter has been procured for the benefit of travellers, and understands nothing but *pepper*. The higher classes generally speak French and German equally well; and coachmen and postilions know as much of one as the other, and sometimes English and Italian in addition. But it is often the case that in the same town one family or individual prefers to speak French and another German; so that one is never sure whether he should say *Monsieur* or *Mein Herr*, *Frau* or *Madame*.

The constitution makes German, French, and Italian national; and all laws and public documents must be printed in these languages; and it is also required that the German be taught in all the public schools. Besides these there are nearly fifty thousand people who speak *Romanish*, or *Romane*, which has always been retained by those who were longest the

subjects of, or mingled with, the Romans. It has eight dialects, and is spoken principally in Graubünden, some parts of the Oberland, and districts of other cantons. Not many years ago, the Bible was translated into this language, and other books and journals have been printed in the same.

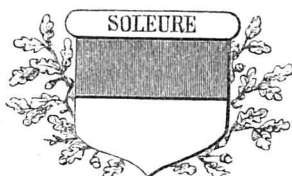
German is the base of forty dialects, and is the language of a majority of the people. It has some peculiarities entirely distinct from any language spoken in Germany; but Schlegel says, the poem of *Nibelungen*, and similar ones of the Middle Ages, when placed before a Swiss peasant, are immediately comprehended. Though the German grammar says the auxiliary verb *thun* corresponds exactly with the English *to do*, the Germans very seldom use it; but in Switzerland they make it answer all purposes in the same way; and other analogies, both in words and phrases, to the English, are many and striking. In some districts they clip all the words, as *I will nit* for *Ich will nicht*, the first sounding very much like *I will not*, and say *Madeli* for *Mädchen*.

We heard a German one day address a woman in the market about her cheese, and not at all understanding him, she said, "I do not speak French!" But we found no difficulty anywhere in understanding those who had been educated in school.

French is spoken in Geneva, Neuchâtel, Vaud, and by two-thirds of the Vallasians. Yet among the peasantry there are at least twenty patois, in which are Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Greek words.

Among the representatives to the Federal Council, fifteen deputies speak German, and seven French. But if you mention these varieties as a reason why they cannot harmonize as one nation, or do not seem fitted to belong together, they ask in answer, "Is not France formed of Celts, Franks, Burgundians, Flemings, Germans, Bretons, Spaniards, and Languedocs? Has not England her Bretons, Anglo-Saxons, Scotch and Irish? Prussia Brandenburgians, Saxons, Poles, and French? Is not Austria made up of Bohemians, Hungarians, Germans, and Italians? and Germany herself of Suabians, Saxons, Austrians, Prussians, Poles, Swedes, and Westphalians?" Which is true, yet one does not seem to notice it so particularly as in Switzerland. But that there is some common cement, must be true, else they could not have been so long either partially or wholly united. This bond is now becoming more firm every day, and the feeling of brotherhood stronger. A national pride is awakening that leads them to forget cantonal and sectional interests; and though their enemies say there are traitors in

Geneva and restless spirits in Neuchâtel, that would at any time betray their country to France and much prefer to become subjects to the emperor, we doubt whether there are any great number ; and there must be very few who would incur the hatred and odium of treason for any reward which France could offer.



CHAPTER XII.

SOLEURE.

PATRICIANS—MATERIAL INTEREST—JOURNALISM—OLD LAWS—
HOUSES—FIRST AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES—COSTUMES.

THERE are only three or four cantons where families may be found who still live upon rents, and consider it degrading to practise a profession or trade, or know anything of the details of business. Soleure is one of these, and "we the patricians" have always played a conspicuous part in the history of the canton in the old times and in the new.

Among those who are called the lower orders there exists a peculiar hatred towards this class, who are said to have been always the enemies of progress, and to have united in everything that could oppress the mechanics and peasantry. The man behind

the plough was considered of no more consequence than the horse before it. The tithes and taxes of every sort robbed him of the fruits of his labour, and there was no motive for attempting to improve his condition.

The patrician class were always believed to be in correspondence with and corrupted by the French nobility, and also by the emissaries of the monarchs who wished to obtain Swiss soldiers, Swiss money, Swiss neutrality, or in any way Swiss influence and aid. The governments, when in the hands of these oligarchists, were accused of making a regular trade with foreign powers, selling men to war, and receiving money with which to revel in luxury.

Foreign ambassadors and agents were always residing among them, using every art to weaken their principles and render abortive their power, whilst professing for them the greatest admiration and paying them the greatest homage. No canton suffered more from these influences perhaps than Soleure.* No other sent so many of her youth into foreign service, where many of them became estranged

* The history of the "foreign service" will be found in the compendium of Swiss history given in the Appendix, and it will there be seen that it no longer exists.

from the fatherland, and no longer content with the simple life and manners in which they had been educated.

We see it more and more as a cause of lamentation, that so much of the best talent of the country should have gone to render the annals of other nations illustrious. If the energy of those who have been distinguished as officers alone, had been devoted to any department of usefulness at home, what an age of progress they might have made, which would have given them a so much higher rank in the scale of nations. As it is, all the bravery they have manifested, and the glory they have won, has only covered their own land with shame.

We have met people so democratic in Europe, that they condemned the Americans as severely for building ships and railroads for the autocrat of Russia, as the Swiss for fighting the battles of France and Italy! Whatever analogy there may be in the two cases, as far as the honour of republicanism is concerned, we cannot help thinking it will be a happy day, not only for Switzerland, but for Europe, when science, art, and the active employments of material life shall be considered worthy the energies of men, rather than the corrupting idleness to which

a soldier is condemned whilst waiting the debasing and brutalizing scenes of a field of battle. What can be the observation, reflection, or religion of a man and philosopher who utters it as a taunt against England and America, that every man and woman is employed in some department of industry, mechanics, agriculture, or in a sphere of mental labour that renders impossible the dreary stupidity and corroding inactivity to which half the people in this old world are doomed, whether willingly or not? Yet we have heard an American utter it.

Russia is fast waking up to the truth; and whatever the Emperor may be, or whatever his motives, there are no people on the Continent so shrewd, so well informed, so liberal and disposed to adopt modern ideas, as the educated classes of Russia. They were never trammelled by feudalism, they care very little for etiquette, and when they are in the world conform to it, from affability or for the sake of improvement, as a German baron or a Swiss patrician would not do to save his land or his life.

In Switzerland the press is free, but there is no popular journalism, no attractive interesting modern literature, no mental activity on popular questions, no lectures, as these things exist in England and

America. It was in Berne that one of their own citizens told me they were in a state bordering on lethargy. In Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Zurich, there is more mental activity, and regular contributors to their journals. The "dailies" have a page of items clipped here and there from all foreign and home journals, and the remaining portion of the sheet is devoted to advertisements. They criticise more freely what is done and said, or not done and said, by the Government, and have the liberty to say whatever they please, that is not treason or libel, and yet they say nothing. An editor is a man of no more influence in the community than a shoemaker, and what he does requires no more talent.

In book-publishing it is the same; nearly all publishers are Germans, and they say reading is not so universal in Switzerland as in Germany. The popular writers are by no means so many, and literature has none of the importance and appreciation it deserves.

We saw in a village paper in canton Zurich a lamentable picture of the morals of the lower classes, a picture too gross for the pages of a book, revealing the secrets of the courts of justice, instances of child-murder and other revolting crimes, in numbers

which seemed incredible within the precincts of so small a state. They ascribed the fault to neglect of parents and heads of families; but it did not seem to occur to them that parents and heads of families cannot impress upon others a moral sentiment they do not feel and have never been educated themselves to regard.

Those lower classes must have a different education, higher subjects of interest and thought, and conversation, exactly what a popular literature and press could furnish.

Jeremias Gotthelf commenced a good work a few years since in a series of popular tales, illustrative of daily life and manners, charming in style and spirit, but his life ended when his work began, and his mantle does not seem to have fallen upon any other.

In Soleure, they say, "my gracious lords" of the Government and Council were always opposed to anything that could create intelligence and awaken thought; and the same was true in general of the priesthood. As long as the people were ignorant and stupid, they were obedient.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century something was done for education, but the revolt of the peasants in 1633 was an indication to the men

in power that it was their duty to revenge this attempt of the people to cast off the yoke of their oppressors; and instead of granting them the hope and relief that would make them content and secure them for friends, they drew tighter their bonds, increased their taxes, and not only discouraged, but forbade all efforts to improve them. It is very curious and sometimes amusing to notice the bitterness with which those who were in office at that period are spoken of by the people. So early as 1612 there is allusion to a schoolmaster, and in the sixteenth century some attempts at collecting the children for the purpose of learning to read and write. But some one wrote of the schools at that time, "A hundred children are together in one small room and taught A B C so diligently, that they learn it in five or six years!" "My gracious lords" did not choose that any one should be forced to go to school; it was easy to see what it would come to, if the people learned reading and writing, and had schoolmasters. If they choose to employ them, "my gracious lords" will not contribute thereto.

At the same time it was ordained, that houses with walls and tiles were to be built only "for my gracious lord the bailiff and the highly worthy

pastor." Those for the peasantry were of boards, and covered with straw, dark and dismal as the times in which they lived. There are a few of them still, with the great overhanging roofs, shutting out all light, a few beams of which might otherwise enter through the little round panes, and the door a few feet high. The furniture is such as we have described in similar houses elsewhere. The Black-Forest clock ticks in the corner ; over a round table hangs the mirror, surmounted by a paper dove, emblem of the Holy Spirit, object of adoration for the family, and favourite resting-place for the flies. A crucifix and Einsiedeln Mother of God hang against the wall, painted and smoke-bedimmed, for the chimney is only an opening in the straw and willow braided roof, covered with mortar, and the sooty particles are sure to perambulate the apartment before determining to ascend to the upper regions ; and here and there, in niches and receptacles, are pictures and *souvenirs*, from nuns and capuchins, all black and uncomfortable as it is possible to conceive.

But no new ones are built after this fashion. In every village are pretty cottages, with all modern improvements, tasteful gardens, and all the comforts they know anything about. We hope it will not be long before they will add a few to their

catalogue in all Switzerland, which as yet they have never heard of, and life have a higher object than any with which they have ever thought of investing it.

We should not fail to record, that in Soleure, as in Friburg, it was to a Catholic priest that the people were first indebted for anything deserving the name of school. Scarcely a peasant could read or write when Ignatius Glutz determined to put an end to this ignorance, and another, Gabriel Leupi, followed up his efforts. In 1811 the Government created a normal school, and ordained that every commune should support a teacher; but the troubles of 1814 disturbed their operations, and not till 1830 was a regular system of public instruction established. The trouble is, everywhere in Switzerland, that the compensation is so low few can make teaching their profession, and those who do are not properly educated for their calling.

It is only within a short time that all privileges have been abolished, and only since the last French revolution, and the formation of a federal government on the true principles of equality, that gave all an equal interest in the affairs of the whole, that a noble public spirit has begun to awake, and a national feeling to pervade all classes. So long as they were

absorbed in their little cantonal affairs, they were narrow-minded. They say of themselves, "So long as the foreign service continued, especially with France, and the French aristocracy exerted so much influence in their government and society, a Soleure gentleman was neither French, German, nor Swiss, but a German-French-Swiss monster." But since the war-service and the guilds are at an end, agriculture and manufactures have received a new impulse.

So early as 1537 they built a canal, to connect the waters of the *Dünnen*, several miles long and ten feet wide, by which eighty-five thousand square rods of waste land were rendered fruitful. It was the first attempt of the kind in Switzerland, and the peasants laughed it to scorn; but when it had succeeded, it was the best incitement to new efforts in this and other branches of agriculture.

The Swiss annals allude to the bishops and priests of the earliest period of the Christian Church, as having families and well-ordered households, as working in the field, holding the plough, and harnessing the ox thereto; of their teaching the people to plant and sow, to burn lime, and build with stones, to spin and make cloth, to take the place of the skins of beasts, which they wore. "Work and

prayer," was the motto of the Benedictine monks. It was only in later years that they became degenerate, when bad men entered the Church for the sake of the honour and wealth it could bestow, and not for the good they could do. When they ceased to be the true friends of the people, and exercise over them a paternal care, they ceased to improve; and it was this degeneracy of the Church which led to the formation of all manner of benevolent associations and efforts by those who had no connexion with it. Among these none are more efficient in promoting the true interests of Christianity and civilization than "economic" and "agricultural societies."

The first of these founded in Switzerland, was by *Zschiffeli*, in Berne, in 1759, and was composed of members of the Government, ecclesiastics, and agriculturists, for the purpose of improving husbandry. The special object of its founder was to popularize useful ideas, and to accomplish this he appealed to the patriotism of all classes, and brought the experience of the lowest, as well as the theories of the highest, to his aid. He said, there could be no permanent improvement without light and knowledge, and therefore scattered publications upon all matters concerning agriculture. It was through the influ-

ence of these, that extensive irrigation was introduced, the system of leaving fallow ground done away, and clover substituted, the cultivation of the potato made general, and science applied to the culture of the vine. In a little time industry, commerce, political economy and legislation concerning social interests, fixed the attention of the society, and opened a wider theatre of honourable activity. This was the beginning of all similar efforts on the Continent, and half a century before serfdom was fairly abolished in Germany, and sixty years before a similar society was formed at Leipsic.

In no country are the profits of agriculture so great as in Switzerland, where there are few great proprietors, and most farmers own the soil they till. Nearly four hundred thousand families are engaged in the different departments of husbandry, and only one hundred thousand in the different trades and professions.

Union dairies, and other associations described elsewhere, are now general in Soleure; nurseries for plants established in many places, and orchards everywhere like forests. Before this new awaking there were only fifteen kinds of fruits and thirty kinds of flowers known in the canton, where now are flourishing those of every climate and soil.

In the good old times, those halcyon days when a few oligarchists ruled and the people obeyed, a peasant could not hunt in the forest on penalty of dungeons and death, but the bailiff was allowed two hunters and twelve dogs, "whenever it pleased his honour to enjoy this pastime." Now each person pays a small sum for the privilege, and it is free to all who care to avail themselves of it at this price.

Fishing is granted in some places by the State, and in some by the communes, and also the privilege of ensnaring frogs and crabs to their destruction, which is done by kindling fires of brushwood on dark nights, and setting nets to entangle them, as the foolish creatures hop out to see what is going on in the world, and soon learn to their sorrow that they are no longer to know anything, even in their own little domain.

They make a curious little cheese in Soleure, which they call "*Geisskäse*," which would indicate that it was made of goats' milk, which is not at all the case, but from their diminutiveness they may think it best to give them a humble name. They are only four or five inches in circumference, and cost three or four sous. The process of making them is to place the new milk with the rennet

over the fire till it is lukewarm, and removing it, they allow it to stand till the curds are formed, when it is again warmed and put in moulds, where it is cut fine and stirred till it is pulp. It is then poured off, salted, and dried a day or two, and placed in the cellar, where it must remain ten or fifteen days, when it is washed in warm water, moulded, and wrapped in leaves for *keeping*, but, though palatable, they will not serve for heirlooms.

A great portion of the people are shepherds and agriculturists, but in the larger towns and villages there are many factories, and their mechanics are renowned.

Olten is the concentrating point for all the railroads from north, south, east, and west; and on a summer's day, when all the world is in motion, it seems as if all the world passed through here indeed. Such a running and rushing, such a trundling of baggage, such a confusion of tongues, such a jostling and screaming, as we never elsewhere saw or heard. It seems for a little while impossible that such a crowd can ever get *ticketed* and *numbered* for the right place; and the two or three hundred names in great letters hung through the length of the long depôt must be meant to bewilder rather than to guide.

But many times a day the same number come, make the same hurry and rush, and depart, each time leaving the little village as quiet as if only the wheel and the hammer had ever been heard in its midst.

It is especially famous for its coopers, and those who wish to purchase wine in Elsaz often come to Olten for the barrels in which it is to be exported. So expeditiously can a merchant be *fitted out*, that he arrives in the evening not knowing where a single article is to be found, and departs at break of day with tubs, hogsheads, chains, and all the apparatus for shipping tuns of wine.

A thousand hundredweight of iron wire is drawn and rolled, and sent forth yearly. There are ribbon looms in the surrounding country, and stockings woven by the ten thousand dozen.

The cantonal colours are red and white, the robe of the *Landweibel* being white in front from the shoulder down.

The statute-books of the *olden time* are not less curious in this than in the other cantons. Witches were burnt, and not they alone; and those who were guilty of slander had the tongue slit. In 1581 some guild-brothers had quarrelled, and called each other names; in solemn council the Government decided

that they should meet and drink wine together, each party furnishing a certain quantity, and *my gracious* lords would condescend to come and drink with them !

In 1661, a watchman who was found drunk and asleep was condemned to stand by the fish-bench, on the market-place, holding a wooden halberd. In 1639 two women, who quarrelled and came to blows, were confined together in a small room, and obliged to eat out of the same dish with the same spoon. In 1798 a man who threatened to cut down the tree of liberty was obliged to stand beside it with a wooden hatchet.

The people are Catholics, but the festivals are not so many as in the other Catholic cantons, baptisms and funerals being the only occasions when the country people make a great display. The national dress, too, is fast disappearing. Formerly the married women wore a black petticoat, and the maidens red, a silver cross upon the bodice, white full sleeves, the hair in long braids hanging behind, and on the head a broad-brimmed hat.

In another district the skirt was fastened to the waist with a great roll like a sausage, filled with straw, a convenient resting-place for the hands in the dance. On festal days they wear a silver wreath

with red ribbons braided in the hair; but the skirt is now usually black, the bodice cut low, with a full white chemisette plaited within, and the silver chains passing under the arm.

The cities of Soleure and Trêves are said to have been the first founded by the Romans on this side the Alps, and they have still a *Heidenweg* or road of the Pagans, as well as a statue of Venus in Carrara marble, which prove, with many other relics, that this was occupied by a Roman colony. Their cathedral is a modern edifice, and not so attractive as those which have stood a thousand years, but is not less beautiful than some which claim this additional honour; but the clock-tower on the market-place is ascribed to a period five hundred years before Christ.

One of the most distinguished of modern sculptors, *Eggerschwyl*, was a native of Soleure, and obtained the prize of honour at the Paris Exhibition in 1802, besides being the recipient of many flattering distinctions from Napoleon. They have also produced many historians and painters. Their heroes rest in foreign graves, but there are monuments to record their valour, and there came one to die among them who was not of them. In this quiet and secluded place Kosciusko bid farewell to earth,

and ceased to dream of his country's glory. We see the house where he lived, and the coffin in which for a little while reposed his remains; but his dust now mingles with that of his fathers on Cracow's plains, and the foot of the despot marches unheeded over the sod already green above their heads.



CHAPTER XIII.

ZURICH.

MODERN CITY—OLD LAWS—SILK MANUFACTURE—HAPPY HOMES—
FROGS AND SNAILS—GREAT SHOOTING FESTIVAL.

So long ago as the thirteenth century, when all the rest of the world was in barbarism, Zurich was known as the *City of Savans*, and one who lives among them, but is not of them, says it deserves still this appellation. By the Romans it was called *Turicum*; and it embraced Christianity in the seventh century. Yet it is the most modern-looking city we have seen in Europe. It has old narrow streets, and quaint old houses, where knights revelled and troubadours sang ;* but they are compressed within a

* At the end of the thirteenth century the house of L. Maness was the rendezvous of the *Troubadours*, and the family had very long in their possession a collection of the sentimental poesies of these *knight* and *night-errants*, valuable for their intrinsic worth and

little space, and are not recognised in the general physiognomy as we look down upon it from some height, or examine it closely face to face.

We might easily imagine ourselves in the "wooden city"* of New England. It has a similar position on both sides of a river or bay; and the houses, though not of wood, are white, with green blinds, and after the same model, standing apart, surrounded by gardens and greenswards. But one is infinitely amused in passing them to find they are called by name, or to be directed to the house of some saint or philosopher, and read over the door, "Monk's Cap," or "Sheep's Head." To think of baptizing anything in modern days by the name of *Sodom*! However appropriate it may have been before the days of science, there can be no good reason now for living in a "Rat's Nest," or a "Louse Brush;" yet, if we were to judge by appearances, some of the most useful of modern improvements are unknown

rich imagery. It is now in the Bibliothèque of Paris. The poems were not admitted till after rigid examination on the part of the *noblesse* of both sexes in this and other countries. One of the most famous of the Troubadours was *Hartmann von der Aae*, of the family of *Chevaliers de Vesperspiel*. Another was J. Hadlaub, a burgher of Zurich, who loved a noble lady, who would not listen to his suit. The verses in which he sang his sorrow are still extant, and very delicate in sentiment and beautiful in construction. The old house is still standing where they met.

* Providence, N. J.

in the city, which has flourished two thousand years. But, though the houses have lost all right to the cognomens, they are probably allowed to remain as relics of that time-honoured past for which the respect is so universal that even the exposition of its foibles only increases our veneration. So when we read the above-mentioned names, or "Garter," "Fool," and "Longface," over the doors, we have no idea of concluding these signs to be true indications of what is within!

Zurich is not only the city of *savans*,* but "my

* To enumerate Zurich's wise men would be as useless as impossible. Their name is legion, both in the past and present. *Conrad Gessner* was among the first as physician, botanist, geologist, and in all learning the Pliny of modern times. *Solomon Gessner* is denominated the modern Theocritus, and no German poet of the last century has so many readers. The translation of his works was the introduction of German literature into France. His essays were equally renowned, and he was also painter and engraver. *Felix Faber* wrote travels in Palestine, which Robinson, the great American Eastern traveller, alludes to as remarkable for correctness. *Scheuchzer* wrote travels among the Alps, and was called to the court of Peter the Great by recommendation of Leibnitz. Sulzer, author of "Theory of the Fine Arts," was called to the chair of philosophy at Berlin by Frederick the Great. Bodmer was denominated the Plato of the modern Athens.

It was when meditating, "By the margin of Zurich's fair waters," that Zimmerman was inspired to write the delights of solitude, and Goethe penned the productions which acquired him most renown in the midst of the same scenes. The "good works" of the great Lavater live still in the memory of every inhabitant of Zurich, for it was not less by his deeds of love than by his words of

lady bountiful" for all Switzerland. If there is an avalanche or land-slide in any canton or any village, a flood, or famine, or fire, the appeal is always made to Zurich, "Come over and help us," and never in vain. It is almost a proverb, and heard everywhere, "Had it not been for Zurich, we should have starved." In 1834 they taxed themselves nearly five thousand dollars for the Greeks. In the days of persecution she was the "city of refuge" for every country; and it is owing to the Huguenots, to whom they opened their dwellings, and to the Locarners, who fled to them from Italy, that they were so early a manufacturing people, and verified the words of the Preacher, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return to you after many days." They received at one time a whole troop from the French galleys, who had been condemned for political offences, and distributed them about in families, till they could support themselves. English theologians and

wisdom that he deserved to be known. It was also the noble heart of Pestalozzi which inspired the marvellous labours he accomplished. The fame of these two is the most enviable which can be acquired by man, for it is owing to the *good they did*.

There are fifty more whose names are not less familiar in the circles of science and literature, and those who are now the lights of her University will be recorded with equal honour; and here as in all other things we have to remember, that Zurich is only one small canton of a small republic.

Catholic priests, all, of every faith and nation, have experienced their hospitality. In all the cities it was the custom to have corn-houses, or granaries, where corn was deposited during years of plenty, and sold at a low price in years of scarcity. The revelations of science, improvements in agriculture, and introduction of many new kinds of food, have diminished the dangers of famine, so that the granaries are no longer so important. But in 1636 there occurred a famine, from the failure of the crops, and more than 20,000 dollars' worth of grain was *given* to people in the country, besides what was sold at a price within their means.

The universities, schools, and benevolent institutions of Zurich, correspond with the age, though now she does not give citizenship to all who come, but sells it to all who can pay the price, which, to be sure, is not a large sum.

Her savings-bank is the oldest in Switzerland, and the second in Europe. So early as 1558, we read of soup-houses, where her own poor, and those from many other lands, were fed gratis, and with far better food than the cloisters had been in the habit of furnishing. Immediately after the Reformation, the State undertook the care of the poor and sick, and Church-property was confiscated to create a fund.

In the last half century more than fifty thousand patients have been received into her hospital, nearly five thousand being from other cantons, and eight thousand from other lands.

One must be continually reminded, in reading of Switzerland, of its size, in order to appreciate its importance. When we think that the twenty-two cantons together are not larger than a third of the state of New York, we can conceive what one canton must be. Yet the population is one-seventh of the whole United States of America. There are ninety-two cities of a thousand inhabitants, sixty-three communes or hamlets, and seven thousand four hundred villages. There are more inhabitants, in proportion to the land, than in any other country, which must not be forgotten when we read of their industry or their poverty. Zurich is seventeen square leagues in extent, and has between two and three hundred thousand inhabitants. They are an agricultural and manufacturing people, and in both those departments aim at the highest possible perfection. Their silks rival those of Lyons, and their fields those of England in beauty.

It is not less interesting in Zurich than in Lucerne, to trace step by step the social development and progress of the people.

In 1358 there were only two hundred and sixty-three servants in all the families of the city, because it was the custom for the wives and daughters to perform the domestic labour; and there are several instances recorded of women being punished for scolding. In 1329, a burgomaster was fined five hundred and fifty pounds for insulting a woman.

In 1280 there was a great fire, and the clergy said it was a judgment upon the city for its extravagance, especially for the *folly of the women in dress and finery*; and they began to make laws to restrain this propensity! The unmarried were allowed to dress more than the married. Neither men nor women were permitted to wear pointed shoes. Sometimes gold and precious stones were to be seen on the head, and even on the dress. This consisted of a long underdress without sleeves, sometimes only a mantle thrown over, and sometimes a short dress reaching to the knee, having sleeves, and the hair fell in curls on the neck. Men wore something like a monk's gown, making it always shorter and shorter, and red or blue stockings, or one side blue and the other red. These were the Zurich stockings, so famous at the battle of Morgarten.

The inventory of articles in an inn for travellers in 1380, enumerates four table-cloths for a long

table, and four for a round one, sixteen pillows, eight baskets, one for bread and one for keys, a chest for trumpery, forty dishes and plates, one cauldron, one great wash-tub, one reel, one foot-stool to stand before a bed, and six flat irons, &c.

When burghers resorted to an inn, to talk and drink in the evening, the bells of the city rang at the proper hour for them to return home, and no one was allowed to walk in the streets afterwards without a light.

It was forbidden to invite more than twenty persons to a wedding, and the god-parents must not make presents worth more than three shillings. Only two singers and two fiddlers could be present. A bride at her first marriage could receive a morning gift; widows, of course, received none.

In the sixteenth century, the people were commanded to make a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, the first Sunday after Pfingsten, consisting of twenty-four priests, and one grown person from each house, and at the next State-Council a report was made of disobedience and misdemeanors. Priests were reprov'd for talking and laughing so loud during confession that the voices of those confessing could not be heard!

In 1480, a feast was given at the choice of a new

burgomaster, at which two thousand persons were present. The inventory of articles in a rich burgher's house enumerates eighty linen sheets, sixty tablecloths, and seventy-nine pieces of silver.

In this century men and women wore grey mantles, but no woman was allowed to wear a girdle that cost more than five dollars, and not then unless her husband was worth four hundred dollars !

In the course of the fifteenth century three hundred and eighty-eight persons were condemned to death, twenty-one being women ; one hundred and eighty-two were led with blinded eyes to the gallows and hung ; one hundred and ten died by the sword ; twenty-one were broken on the wheel ; and thirty-seven drowned. Mention is often made of cutting off ears and noses ; and two were buried alive. This is after the Gospel had been preached five hundred years in their midst, and its words are said to be " sharper than any two-edged sword."

Those punishments were the remnants of heathenism, and some of them, or laws as disgraceful, exist still in every Christian land. How slow is the progress of truth and righteousness, notwithstanding their power.

Zwinglius said of Zurich he hoped his field of labour would never be in such a wicked place ; yet he afterwards came and accomplished much good.

He was the reformer in whom the people had most confidence, as he not only preached against the oppression of the Church, but of the Government. In the war of the peasants, Luther was with the princes, merely because his life had not made him acquainted with the wrongs and oppressions of the poor. But Zwinglius had never lived in a monastery, and knew nothing of dreams and theories. He was opposed to all wrong, and advocated freedom in its broadest sense. Yet he was superstitious, and believed the appearance of a comet foreboded evil, and saw no sin in trying and burning witches.

In this century the ladies are said to have become more domestic; those of the highest rank worked in the kitchen, spun, and sewed, and wove their household linen. It was the custom to make great preparations for the new-born child; all the silver of the house was present. The cradle furniture was of the finest embroidery, and the oldest daughter, though not more than ten years of age, stood by as its *femme de chambre*. Very costly presents were made, and sixteen god-parents were present at its baptism.

In 1688 Bishop Burnet travelled in Switzerland, and wrote of Zurich:—"Here we find the simplicity of the old times, and ladies devoted to their households instead of intrigues and dress." Having studied

diligently, we have not been able to learn when the *old times* ended and the *new times* commenced.

In 1550 a young lady received for her marriage dower a double bed with curtains, and two foot-stools to climb up to it; six table-cloths, six hand-towels, and twelve dish-towels, twenty-four chemises, and twelve caps, thirty-four doyleys, five ornamented dresses, fourteen other articles of dress, bracelets of thirteen rows of agate, garnet, and cornelian; silver girdles for keys, and a psalm-book with silver clasps. This trousseau cost about three hundred dollars, and she received four hundred dollars in money.

In 1663 ladies are forbidden to wear girdles worth more than three guineas English; and gentlemen must not sport wigs weighing several pounds, costing perhaps 15*l.* or 20*l.* In the beginning of this century Sunday began to be observed in the modern way. No one was allowed to labour except shoemakers and tailors, who were permitted to finish a piece of work already commenced if they could get it done before the sermon.

It was at this period that powder began to be worn upon the hair, and that gentlemen first tried the influence of presents in wooing. Women of bad reputation were obliged to wear red caps in the street and in church.

In 1614 the law prescribed the limits of a wedding dinner.

FIRST COURSE.

A pastry.	Smoked sausage.
Two dishes of warm soup.	Smoked beef.
Two dishes of cold soup.	Two dishes of rice.
One boiled fowl.	Two dishes of beets and other
One piece of smoked meat.	vegetables.
Half a calf's head and pluck.	

SECOND COURSE.

Two joints of roast veal.	Half of a roast hare.
One pair of fowls.	Two dishes of pears.
One pair of doves.	Two dishes of plums.
Roast sausage.	

EVENING.

One dish of wafers and wine.

If any one wished to give a larger entertainment than this, he must ask permission of Government.

During the last half of this century, tea and chocolate became common, and people smoked mastic and little tapers of juniper-wood and berries.

During the seventeenth century, three hundred and thirty-six persons were condemned to death; ninety-eight of whom were women, and no amelioration occurred in the modes of punishment.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, coffee became as common as wine, and snuff was used, but

was forbidden in church "as a hindrance to heart culture" !

People began at this time to invite company on certain days, and the ladies used to sit on benches before the doors to gossip. The burghers met according to their guilds in front of the churches, each guild having its exact line, so that no one trespassed upon the stone that belonged to another.

Clergymen commenced kneeling on entering the pulpit, and praying softly to themselves. Families lived together in one great room, where the father studied, the wife spun, and the maids shelled peas.

In 1739, a Frenchman wrote of the Zurich people : "The men talk as loud at table as when they are scolding their wives, and take such long steps that one would think a postilion were striding through the room. The women are the best creatures in the world, but cannot hold a conversation."

In the beginning of this century parasols began to be used.

It is the custom in Zurich, when a child is born, for a young girl to take an enormous bouquet, ornamented with long ribbons, and go from house to house to announce to the relatives and friends the happy event. It originated in the eighteenth century.

Baptism took place immediately after birth. If there were several to be baptized, boys received the rite first, lest they should have no beard when men. Those who carried the children ran through the street, in order to make them active.*

Country people began to come to the city to be married, and often in procession, with violins and trumpets. The bride and bridegroom kneeled during the ceremony. If the bride could not in honour wear the wreath, she could not receive the blessing on the wedding-day, but waited till Saturday evening. Golden weddings were celebrated in church by *re-marriage*, and with gifts and great rejoicings at home.

At funerals, the house was entirely draped in black, within and without. The friends were informed by a special messenger, and assembled at two o'clock in the afternoon; the men receiving expressions of condolence at the door, and the women forming a circle in one large room. The service and procession were in the ordinary manner.

In 1753, ladies first began to attend public concerts; but in the middle ages the Zurichers were famous for their music. Phrenologists say, their heads exhibit a remarkable development, indicating their taste and talent for this branch of the fine arts;

* This custom precisely as in the northern part of Germany.

but the discovery would not indicate any special discernment in a phrenologist, by which we do not intend to implicate their discernment in general.

The taste and skill in the mechanic arts is not less decided, and the hum of industry is heard literally in all her borders. The manufactures are not crowded into one corner of a great city, but occupy the leisure hours of those who live in the country. Especially is this the case in the weaving of silk. All those beautiful fabrics, which now equal those of any part of the world, are produced in the cottages scattered over hill and dale, and by those who perhaps work in the field in summer and weave silk in the winter, or devote only the leisure hours of every season to this light and tasteful labour.

Lord Canning once said, "he believed everything but figures;" and surely it is difficult to believe the figures which state the amount of wealth this little canton produces in this desultory way. Five millions of dollars' worth of silk alone go to North America; and at least five millions more to other countries; and nearly twenty thousand individuals are employed on them. The looms belong to the families who use them, and they exercise their own judgment and pleasure concerning the time to devote to one labour or another.

We need not apologize for introducing our readers to one of these cottages, that they may see the companions of the loom, in which is a web that may one day flourish in an English palace or American saloon, or whirl in the dizzy dance at Newport or Saratoga. It is of the beautiful kind called *gros de Naples*, which you need not imagine to have been made in Italy because it has an Italian name, or that it is less beautiful because it is woven on Swiss soil.

First, you must see the weavers, who wear a white linen cap, ornamented with glass beads on both sides, and tied under the chin with a velvet ribbon. A short blue jacket, with light blue bodice, on which appears the letter V, wrought, or formed with coloured velvet ribbon. What the letter signifies we do not know, and they do not know themselves.

The house is of two stories, built first of timbers, and then a wall of coarse bricks or stones, covered with plaster. On the first floor are a sitting-room, two small rooms, and a kitchen. These are finished with panels, painted light green, looking beautifully neat. The most conspicuous object is the great stove of potters' work, veneered and painted, and wrought into three walls, so as to spread its genial influence in every apartment below and above.

These stoves are everywhere at the north, and very comfortable when thoroughly heated night and day, but require much wood, and in the mild weather of spring or autumn not very economical, unless permitted to remain cold, which is often the case!

Under the windows are long wooden benches, and before these the table, set around with wooden chairs. The unfailing chest, with its various compartments, is near, and on it a tin pail and copper wash-basin; a book-shelf is suspended over, and on a nail at its side a towel and a brush. On a little table in the corner is the folio family Bible, and upon two nails over the door rests the family gun, polished to brightness. The next article is a curious relic of the olden times, and here we are able to state exactly what marked the times as *old*. When they use this term, they mean the age of oatmeal pudding made so thick that the spoon would stand upright in the centre. These are the days their grandmothers still remember, and the great wooden spoon hangs by a string to the wall, as does also the bread-knife, with the initials of the heads of the household thereon, and the date of their marriage. It is a curious article on which to preserve the record of so important an event; but being the one they would oftenest have to use, it is not on the whole so inap-

propriate. A slate, an almanac, a looking-glass, and a pair of scales occupy their wonted posts, and in accordance with their humble offices, the cat's dish, the cricket, the cradle, and standing-stool. Under the stove are the unoccupied shoes and playthings, and in the most honourable positions pictures from the Bible, Swiss history, and the never-to-be-forgotten Black Forest clock.

Near the window is the loom! Does it seem marvellous how one of those beautiful and delicate tissues of green, or gold, or purple, can come forth from the midst of such a medley without spot or blemish? We can only answer, that we wonder all the same, though everything is remarkably neat. The loom is like any other, except that it is more light and delicate in its construction. The reed, through which the *warp* is drawn, is fine as gossamer, and the *shuttle* for the *filling* might answer for a fairy. The web goes underneath, and winds on a beam like any other web, of tow or of more plebeian pretensions. The threads break, and fingers which are not at all fairylike tie them together with marvellous celerity, and we watch the checks and stripes or figures form with never-ceasing interest and amazement.

In the second story are the large double-canopied

beds for children and servants, and in the same room and adjoining apartments are linen and clothing chests, boxes for dried fruit and old trumpery, barrels full of meal, clover-seed, and salt, swallows' nests, and dried sausage, ham, bacon and bundles of yarn in all their luxuriance, and, one would think, detrimental proximity !

In the deep cellar are stored the beer, and apples, and cider, sauerkraut, potatoes, and other vegetables.

These are the homes, and the happy homes, of free industrious people, who may be said to lack nothing that is absolutely necessary to comfort and happiness. There is none of the abject poverty which is seen in exclusively manufacturing districts, and none of the luxury attendant upon suddenly acquired and immense fortunes.

The manufacture of cotton in Switzerland is more extensive than that of silk, and occupies at least fifty thousand people. The whole number of spindles is six hundred and sixty-six thousand, and the half of these are turned in Zurich. There are also six thousand employed in bleaching, dyeing, and printing cloths ; and of those, Zurich has also the greatest number. There are five hundred tanneries in Switzerland, with three thousand labourers, confined mostly to three cantons, of which Zurich is one. The manu-

facture of woollen is confined principally to four cantons, of which Zurich is one. These are the most important branches of industry, and yet agriculture has attained here the highest perfection. Of the fifty thousand people who weave silk or spin cotton, make paper or braid straw, a great proportion devote part of their time to some department of labour in field or garden.

There are in the canton no Alps, yet they possess fifty thousand head of cattle; besides horses, sheep, goats; pigs also number by thousands. Their vines, like those in Germany, were first planted by Charlemagne; and of the four hundred and eighty thousand acres of land belonging to the canton, one hundred and twenty thousand are devoted to pasturage and cereals, fifteen thousand to vines, and one hundred and sixty thousand to various culture.

The farms are very small, but the soil is made to produce to the utmost of its capacity. We are very sorry to be obliged to offend our fastidious readers with the revolting details of agriculture, and especially to introduce them again to a *manure-heap*, but as this is the agriculturist's wealth, and as in Switzerland they seem to have learned the art of converting it particle by particle into gold, we cannot

pass it by. We write for those whose duty it is to learn and practise in the same way, and those whom we have usually found as refined as some who profess to be shocked at being told that fruits and flowers do not grow spontaneously, or that science aids in anything so vulgar as enriching the soil.

This same "manure-heap" was the first thing that attracted our attention on passing a farmhouse, because it was made with so much care and so peculiarly, and because it occupied the most pleasant position near the house in the shade of some elms. We afterwards learned that the shade it must necessarily have, from the principle on which it is constructed; and if it were near the stable, it must, of course, be near the house, as they are in close contiguity. It is appointed to receive all the waste juices of the house as well as barn.

If there are no trees in the right place, and of the right size, they plant them; not to beautify, but to shield this most important portion of their treasures.

A pit is made some two or three feet deep, walled tight with stones or boards. Beams are placed across, covered with branches of trees, so that when the manure is placed thereon, the fluids drain through and leave the solids dry above.

The stable where the cattle stand has a floor of

plates of stone or boards, with gravel earth in front, that they may lie down and get up without slipping. Between them and the wall is a drain from ten to fifteen inches wide, which connects with the reservoir without. There are also two or three ditches of hewn stone, or boards, into which the manure is first thrown from the stables, in order to be moistened with water, and then placed upon the heap; or if thrown directly upon it, it is often wetted, in order to cause fermentation and decay, and to enrich the fluid beneath, which is made accessible through an opening at one corner, and dipped out with a long-handled pail. One sees everywhere women and children watering gardens and fields of vegetables with this liquid.

The stables are carpeted with clean straw before each milking, and sometimes four and five times daily; and with this, and often new straw taken for the purpose, they make each layer separate, and twist the straw so neatly around the edges that it looks as if it were braided, and is thus preserved from falling down and wasting.

The sink-drains from the house connect with this reservoir, and farmers often build them near cities, to gather the treasures which are to them invaluable, and would otherwise do no man any good.

Compost heaps are also made of weeds and all

refuse, which is not food for cattle. Leaves of trees are collected in another place, and used for a peculiar soil. Gypsum and marl are also used, as well as ashes, turf ashes being considered better than wood.

This is the secret of their agriculture, and explains how so many people can live upon so small a space. Red clover often furnishes four and six mowings a year, and other grasses are fruitful in proportion.

We have sometimes seen an aqueduct and reservoir in front of a stable, with an engine for spouting pure water over the cows and their stalls, to keep them clean.

Hunting is free to all, with a few slight restrictions for the protection of fields and gardens; and the forests are open to joiners, carpenters, and basket-makers for all the wood they need in their several callings, and the wild berries and *broom stuff* may be gathered by all who eat and sweep.

There are one or two other articles of commerce in Switzerland which we are sure no Englishman or American ever thought of "*trading in*;" and yet which might be made profitable perhaps, for the marshes bring forth as abundantly there as here. Catholics not being allowed to eat meat on Fridays, and various other days in the year, and Catholics being many in the land, all manner of fish are in

great demand. Frogs and snails belong to the genus fish, and are collected in great numbers for cloisters, monks being among those who preach, but do not practise, fasting. It is not necessary to enjoin the peasants to deny themselves meat, as they seldom eat it except on Sunday. Snails are fattened in gardens on certain kinds of leaves, and one may hear the chattering of their teeth as they eat, in passing by. From Zurich they are exported to Italy in the autumn. It is only frogs' legs that are eaten, and formerly they used to catch them and cut off the legs, leaving the animal to die a painful and cruel death.* In a period of four years, the cloister Rheinau disposed of forty thousand snails, and thirty-six thousand pairs of frogs' legs.

Zurich was among the first to subject the Church and her priesthood to the law, allowing them no preference above other citizens. In 1379, it is recorded, that they permitted a priest to go for half a week to Baden for his health, but if he remained any longer, his salary would cease; and they were often deposed for immorality and punished for crime.

The sacrament was administered for the first time after the method of the reformed churches, April 13, 1525. Formerly, all the bells in the city rang for

* This is now prohibited.

church service, but now only those of the church where the people assemble. The ceremonies are nearly the same as in America, except that there is only one session. The Sunday-school is in the afternoon.

Fairs and festivals are not so many in Zurich as in Lucerne, and not so many in the Protestant cantons generally as in the Catholic. Fires are kindled on all the surrounding heights in the spring, but now they call it burning the last vestige of winter, and it is a sport only for boys. They gather stealthily the materials, and allow no sign of their preparations to be visible, till at a given signal all blaze forth at once, and their songs through "all the welkin ring." In the evening there are a few holding sports around the fireside, merely to make glad the hearts of the little ones.

There is a meeting every year of the old men, who are of the same age, to enjoy a dinner and a talk of the olden time. They first met in 1824, on the 8th of October. When there are not enough born in the same year for a respectable tableful, they include those of two years. They do not confine themselves to the simple cookery of the Bremen burghers, but allow the wine to flow merrily, and "their hearts do beat cheerily," yet it is no day of revel, only of gladness.

On the day of Ascension, the young people from the country ascend Mount Uetliberg, near Zurich, where those from the city join them, and sing psalms and hymns of praise to the Giver of all blessings. It is one of the prettiest of the festal days. The processions, like all peasant processions, are gay with flowers and bright ribbons, but their mirth is on this occasion chastened, without destroying their gaiety.

Shooting companies are universal in Switzerland, and every two years they hold a great festival in one of the principal cities. It is now a federal *fête*, and one which enlists the sympathies and co-operation of the whole people. The first was held at Aarau in 1824, where a society was formed ; and though they were at first very simple they have now attained to an almost fabulous splendour. This year it took place in Zurich, the first ten days in July. A volume would be necessary to describe it in detail, and then one would have little idea of the effect of the whole, enlivened by the enthusiasm of these liberty loving people, thronging from their mountains and their valleys in the true spirit of brotherhood, to celebrate their oldest and best beloved national *fête*.

To Zurich belonged the preparations for the reception of the guests, and she lavished her money

and her taste with her usual spirit, of allowing nothing to fail of beauty or comfort in all the arrangements.

The expediency of holding the festival when all Europe was trembling with "wars and rumours of war," was for a long time doubted, and when at length it was decided that there could be no serious reason for deferring it, the lateness of the hour obliged them to hasten the work.

Three sides of a parallelogram were devoted to the necessary buildings, and displayed the light graceful architecture of the Swiss cottage, familiar to all by pictures and miniatures in sugar or wood. It included a dining-room which could accommodate several thousand persons, a spacious saloon, telegraph and post-office bureaux, kitchen, storeroom, and various lesser apartments. The background was devoted to the targets, which were a hundred in number, raised six or eight feet from the ground, and behind each an immense block of hewn granite to receive the bullets, and prevent all possibility of accidents.

In the dining-room was a fountain with four jets, sparkling in the midst of shrubbery and flowers, and the whole was lighted by hundreds of *burners*, making a very fairyland in beauty and brilliancy.

Finding that they were in danger of not being ready at the appointed time, the Austrian soldiers who had trespassed on the neutral soil of the Republic were invited to become helpers in erecting the temple of freedom, to which they did not seem at all averse, and performed diligently whatever their hands could find to do!

In the centre of the parallelogram arose a Gothic temple, with twenty-three towers, the centre surmounted by the flag of the Confederacy, and those of the twenty-two cantons waving around. There was no interior to the building, but on its outer walls were suspended the *prizes* for those who should win in this rivalry of sharp-shooters. The prizes were numbered, and each competitor had the privilege of selecting the one which he would try to win, in the division to which he belonged. The targets were of different kinds, some requiring more skill than others. The united value of the prizes was more than 10,000*l.* sterling, and presented a curious spectacle in their individual character, disposed, according to their worth and nature, on little nails, so thickly as to form a covering like tapestry for the walls. The most of them were purses of different size and workmanship, containing gold of every possible amount. But as the Swiss in all countries con-

tribute to this feature of the festival, there are some things characteristic of the lands in which they now dwell. Such is a Mexican saddle, of beautiful finish; purses of fifty, eighty, and a hundred dollars, from New York and Philadelphia; one of four hundred dollars from Memphis, Tennessee; a similar one from Valparaiso and Constantinople. There are also silver cups and pitchers, china tea and coffee sets, watches, and rifles, all tastefully displayed and decorated. Each one pays a certain sum for the privilege of shooting, graduated according to the prize he strives to win. During the time of the festival there were between six and seven hundred thousand shots, and sometimes ninety in a moment.* It was like being within the sound of a battle, but the sight was one to be remembered with joy, and not with sorrow.

The concourse of people was a multitude which no man could number. Every day came a new deputation, which was received at the railroad station by a committee from Zurich, who escorted them to the city with music and colours, showing them the town, and introducing them to the festal palace, to reach which all must pass through the triumphal arch, which was erected at one of the portals of the city,

* For the numbers in the two highest of the three divisions each person could shoot only once.

not far from the festal scene, which was without the gates. This beautiful specimen of art was designed and finished entirely by the inhabitants of the neighbouring commune of Riesbach, and consisted of three arches, the centre being sufficiently large for carriages, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Tell, with his bow in one hand, and in the other the arrow which remained after he had cleft the apple from the head of his son. He is in the act of showing it to the tyrant, as he exclaims, "Now, if you would indeed know the truth, had I killed my child, your heart this second arrow had not failed," and beneath appeared the three men of Grutli, in the attitude of taking the oath. The whole was wreathed with evergreens and flowers, and was of singular beauty and effect. After the *fête* it was purchased and transferred to the garden of a wealthy citizen of Zurich.

Especially attractive was the deputation from the four forest cantons, accompanied by the martial music of Lucerne, the four cantonal banners, William Tell and his boy, and three men bearing the *notable horns*, in the costume of the twelfth century. They were many hundreds in number, and were greeted by cannon, by cheers, by music, and every possible demonstration of joy from the countless throng through which they passed; and very affecting was

their surprise and pleasure as they halted before the triumphal arch, and with more slow and measured step proceeded to the *Schützenplatz*. Here deafening cheers awaited them, and a speech from the temporary throne, which produced a solemn stillness ; and many a strong man might have been seen wiping the eye from which it had caused " the silent tear to flow."

The *star-spangled banner* waved proudly from a conspicuous height, and the 4th of July happening on one day of the *fête*, was duly celebrated by the American Consul and some fifty Americans, who were granted the privilege of the festal hall for the occasion. Some grey-haired clergymen thought it no sin to drink wine on such a day ; and their toasts were none the worse for the exhilaration of the sparkling beverage. The Swiss, not less than the Americans, seemed to enjoy the moment that enabled the two Republics to celebrate their national *fête* under the united banners of each.

The field for the exhibition of the skill of the *wrestlers* was opposite the *Schützenplatz*, in the grounds of a private citizen, who offered them freely for the occasion. They entered the city in one phalanx, though coming from every valley in Switzerland, and bore aloft nearly fifty banners with original devices. They occupied the two last days of the

fête, and attracted a multitude which increased by hundreds and thousands as they marched ; the long trains of railway-cars were crowded ; every diligence was laden with a gala-dressed group ; and from every pathway, over mountain and through valley, came the rustic vehicles like moving parterres, with happy villagers, their banners and streamers fluttering in the breeze, till the city was one dense mass of human beings in grand jubilee, yet nowhere exhibiting coarse revelry or unseemly mirth.

The feats of the wrestlers we have elsewhere described ; and here they lasted from six in the morning till four in the afternoon. This was the first time they had shared the prizes with the *shooting parties*, and the value of these was doubly enhanced by the manner of offering them. Young girls, in white robes and red scarfs, stood upon a platform beneath a tent of blue and white, and each victor was called by name, and crowned with oak and laurel wreaths by those fair hands, besides receiving appropriate prizes. One of these prizes appeared in the form of four white sheep, also wearing wreaths and ornamented with ribbons.

On Sunday there was no shooting or wrestling, but all gathered together in the open air, a united Church as well as united people, to listen to the

solemn services of the Sabbath, and a sermon which evinced the spirit and power of the divines of the Reformation.

On one day the Duchess of Parma and her four children were conspicuous guests in the amphitheatre among the spectators, and at the table in the hall. For the third time an exile, she fled for refuge to a free people; and soon after came the plenipotentiaries to the same city, to settle by the wiles of diplomacy what war could not effect. Strange that princes will not learn to make their own people free, that they may rule over them in peace. The Italian diplomatists evinced great interest in the institutions of the Republic; visited the schools, and inquired diligently concerning all that could furnish them knowledge of the practical workings of freedom; but the Austrian walked about in dogged silence and contempt, determined to believe in nothing but grinding oppression, and to attach importance to nothing but the etiquette, barbarity, and ignorance of the middle ages.

We have no room for the speeches which were the daily events of the *fête*. They all had for their motto, "Union is strength!" and were very much like those which are heard every 4th of July in America, full of national pride, some vain boasting,

and glowing with the enthusiasm which can only be exhibited by a free people.

The last day was the anniversary of the entrance of Basle into the Confederacy three hundred and fifty-eight years before; and they remained the last to lower their colours and say farewell. Eight peals from the booming cannons announced the fall of the curtain upon the festal scene; and all returned to tell the wonders they had seen to those who had remained in the huts of the mountains and in the cots of the valleys.



CHAPTER XIV.

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

OLD CITY—PRIDE AND EXCLUSIVENESS—JEWS—COSTUME—RHINEFALL
—DISTINGUISHED MEN.

SCHAFFHAUSEN is the only canton where the people secured their freedom of church and state without dissensions and divisions between the city and country, the aristocracy and peasantry. They pride themselves on being a quiet and orderly people, and there is more of the sober and antique in their physiognomy than in any other city. They have not experienced so often or so lately the calamity of fire, and the old roofs look as if they might have passed through the flood. The coats-of-arms of many centuries are still to be seen on their fronts, and carvings and paintings, of which no man knows the signification, still adorn half the buildings.

We think there must be funny old customs in such

an old place, but the people are more modern than the walls within which they dwell. They profess to be more hospitable than any of their confederates; but they have the same pride of birth, and the same boast of "old families," though now their aristocracy is more of wealth than of pedigree. There are those among them who count ten centuries of illustrious ancestors, and some who can prove their blood to be coloured by a few drops of some distant cousin of the House of Hapsburg, which surely ought to make it very red, and yet are more proud of the coin in their coffers, and strive day and night for the gold that perisheth.

One is as lawful as the other when made a reason for exclusiveness and oppression, and the sole reason that Switzerland did not earlier settle into harmony and steadily increasing prosperity with her free spirit and enterprising people, was, that the Government was *based on privileges*, and a class of people in almost every city assumed to themselves the right of enjoying something which the others could not obtain. Not till 1848 did they succeed in getting rid of these haughty aristocrats, and the people of true republican spirit became so much in the majority, that they could say to all, of every class, "you are indeed free." Those who composed these supercilious

oligarchies, being deprived of their political power, endeavour to show their resentment and their superiority by shutting themselves within a narrow circle, and boasting of what they were, determined not to believe, or at least not to acknowledge, that *new* men can equal them, or a Government which they did not form can exist and prosper. They would not acknowledge a king or a foreign bailiff, but they arrogated to themselves a power not less tyrannical, and used it in a manner not less opposed to every principle of equality and justice.

It was the restlessness of the people in those bonds that kept them for ever in turbulence and rebellion; and though the devastation of Napoleon's armies was a curse, and their invasion unjustifiable, his *mediation* was a blessing. He saw that he could not rule them, and he undertook to teach them to rule themselves. They had demolished feudalism in form, but the spirit still lived. Whatever may have been his motive, his mission was the same in Switzerland as in Germany, to crush this hydra-headed monster.

During the period of his ten years' mediation there was peace and prosperity; he was dethroned, and all was again in confusion. But had he remained on the throne, it is not probable the people of Switzerland would have been long content to acknowledge

his sceptre. A foreign ruler by any name was always their special aversion. "We are a free people, and a free people we will be," is the inborn spirit of the Swiss. But they learned of him a lesson, and what is more wonderful, they profited by it. There was no more rest till the native as well as the foreign oppressors were dethroned. The power has been entirely taken from their hands, but not till time has laid some of them still lower will Switzerland be entirely delivered from their corrupt and demoralizing influence in her institutions. Their hatred of the genuine freedom of the present Government is gall, wormwood, and bitterness. In one city we heard a family belonging to this aristocracy say they would not attend a party where a member of the Government was to be present; and the caste of Hindoo is not more prescribed than the line they have drawn between themselves and those whom they denominate *plebeians*. Whether they attend the same church I do not know; but they are here, as elsewhere, the people who make the greatest pretensions to piety, and profess to be the disciples of Christ whilst ignoring every principle which He preached and practised.

There is less of this spirit in Schaffhausen than in some other cities, and it thrives most in Berne, Soleure, and Geneva.

Yet the laws concerning the Jews are of the most oppressive and unchristian nature in Schaffhausen, while in Berne and Geneva they are free in every respect as other citizens. Here they are forbidden by the law to trade, to own real estate or cattle, and are not allowed equal privileges with other citizens in the courts of justice. They can reside in the canton only eight days, which is a permission evidently for their own interest, as Jews are permitted to trade in cattle at the public market, and in the stables of those who sell; any infringement of this provision is punished by fine.

They do not even recognise a bargain between a Jew and Christian as binding, unless it is made in the presence of the President of the Commune or the blood relatives of the Christian. If a Jew lend money to a Christian, the law does not oblige it to be repaid; he must do it at his own risk. A Jew cannot take a greater interest than five per cent.; and in no instance is allowed compound interest for whatever sum he may lend.

Letters of exchange, promissory notes, and other business transactions, are subject to the same restrictions; and if a Jew should inherit real estate, he is obliged to sell it within a year.

These are strange laws to remain on the statute-

book of a free and Christian land, yet in six other cantons they are the same.* There is no anomaly so incomprehensible as that of a free people imposing slavery—of those who would die for a right or a privilege, denying it to others who are equally entitled to the utmost liberty.

We are sorry to be obliged to expose the existence of so dark a stain upon this fair land, and hope that it will soon be blotted out. In all else it is a “goodly land and a pleasant,” and the people who dwell therein right friendly to the stranger and the pilgrim who may happen to be within their borders.

Agriculture is the occupation of the great proportion, and has adopted all modern improvements. In 1771 there was a great famine in Switzerland, which was followed by a new impulse to agriculture. Men of science and influence devoted themselves to the study of soils, and the adaptation of different kinds of grains and fruits to their climate and tillage. There had existed a great prejudice against potatoes,

* We are indebted for these facts to an able document presented to the Swiss Federal Council by the Honourable Theodore S. Fay, resident minister of the United States at Berne, and now published in several languages. A remonstrance was made by Jews, who had become citizens of America, on account of the expense and trouble to which they were subject when business obliged them to visit Switzerland, and it became the duty of the minister to secure to them the protection every American had a right to demand.

which was overcome; and since their multiplication and general use, want has disappeared. Nurseries were established to raise seed, and soil improved by artificial meadows and irrigation.

The Napoleonic period is mentioned as a prosperous one for agriculture. Very old and unjust laws were abrogated, one of which was, that every third year the land should lie fallow; tithes were abolished, as well as the right to free pasture, by which the cattle occupied an extent of ground, that could be made to produce three times as much by cultivation, and their food became richer and more abundant.

In Schaffhausen one half the land is in productive fields, and vineyards occupy thirty-five thousand acres. It is a rule in the northern cantons, where it is colder, to plant vines where wheat would ripen in ordinary years by St. Jacob's day.* Until 1798 the law forbade every one to plant vines without permission of Government; the reason being given that it was necessary to be sure vines should not be planted in an ungenial soil and clime. In some places where they are exposed to slides from heavy rains, they are planted in the form of the letter V; often have no particular form, but are set here and there so far apart

* There are several St. Jacob's days in the calendar, but the one to which this refers is probably the 25th of July.

that one can easily pass between the stocks. Often the principal branch is bent in the form of a circle, and bound to a stake, on the principle that the lower the stock the better is the wine ; but the nearer they are to the earth, the more they are in danger of frost. In winter the stakes are removed, and the vines laid upon the earth, and covered with manure, or merely loosened and left to the protection of the snow. Different methods are practised everywhere according to the climate and soil. In Zurich they have vines a hundred years old.

In Schaffhausen they are very utilitarian, and do not encourage vine culture, saying it requires six times more outlay in the beginning, and four times more labour, and is the most precarious of all products.

The peasant costume is a dark blue skirt with a red border, red stockings, and shoes bound with blue ; a yellow apron, which forms part of the boddice, and blue kerchief round the neck, with the ends hanging below the waist. The hair is brought to the top of the head, and arranged in two large braids. The men wear small clothes and blue stockings, a jacket, with the lappets of yellow, a red vest and blue neckerchief.

There are no Alps and no shepherds, and very few flocks.

There is a school in every commune, and all the children can attend as early as five years of age, and *must* as early as seven, continuing in summer till they are eleven, and in winter till they are fourteen. In the city there are high schools, and a superior one for young ladies.

The Church affairs are regulated upon the most republican plan, by an equal number of delegates from the Church and State, and the laity possessing an equal voice in all things with the clergy. To all the thirty-five pastors in the canton the State allows about three hundred and fifty pounds, which cannot afford to each a very luxurious life. Everywhere in the country in Switzerland the church service commences on Sunday as early as seven or eight o'clock in the morning. When we asked why they assembled so early, they said, "Oh, the people would become sleepy before it was over, if it began later." The clergyman enters the church first, and when the people are assembled, all sing together. The pastor then ascends the pulpit and reads a prayer, during which all the people stand. The law forbids the sermon to be more than an hour in length. After this is again prayer, and then publication of marriages, if there are any, and other notices, when they again sing, and the blessing is pronounced.

Between twelve o'clock and one they have the Sunday-school.

In all the churches we have seen, the baptismal font is of hewn stone, in front of the pulpit, large enough to hold several gallons. Here it is the same, but the baptisms take place on Wednesday and Friday afternoon, at four o'clock. The sacrament is administered five times during the year, on Sunday, the table being spread by placing a board upon the font, and the bread, which is unleavened, is broken and laid upon plates. The cups are of silver in the city, but sometimes of tin in the country. All pass in a row to the table, the men having the precedence, taste the bread and wine, saying at the same time, "This bread which we break, and this cup which we drink." There is a service on the Saturday afternoon previous, and also on the ordinary festival days.

There are no Catholics in the canton except in one little commune, which was not united to Schaffhausen till 1799.

They have a custom, similar to that which exists in Zurich, of announcing a birth by sending a young girl to each house, ornamented with flowers; but she does not carry a bouquet in her hand except for a boy. At every house she receives a present for her message.

At weddings the bridal pair receive presents from guests, but do not also exchange them with each other, but they exhibit a curious peculiarity in employing the tailor of the bridegroom to invite the guests.

Funerals are announced first by a woman, who wears a black veil or mask ; and the next day a man clothed in black goes to every house, rings or knocks, pronouncing the name of each person whom he invites. Expressions of sympathy and shaking of hands are received at the door, between twelve and one o'clock. The moment the clock strikes one, the coffin is covered with black, and taken up by the bearers, who are in number according to the rank of the deceased. The procession is formed, first by the male relations, the guild brothers, and then the poor, who afterwards receive gifts. Whilst the coffin is being lowered into the grave, all assemble in church, where a simple prayer is offered.

Every Sunday, men in long brown striped mantles knock at each door to obtain money, which forms a fund for those who are afflicted with some incurable disease. As they pass from house to house they sing, in no very musical chorus.

The cantonal colours are black and green, the long robe of the *Landweibel* being quite black, with a

narrow green stripe in the skirt. Upon their shield appears, in full length, a *sheep*; but the origin of such a promotion of these unpretending animals we do not know.

In the eighth century there were only a few boatmen's huts where the city stands, and little *skiffs* the only vessels on the water. Thus it derived its name, *scapha* being the Latin for skiff, and the whole name *Scafhusum*. From the Swiss we have often heard this pronunciation, which is in accordance with their custom of leaving out the first letter of a diphthong, and placing the accent on the last.

It is mentioned as a curious fact, that the Rhine-falls are not alluded to by any ancient or classic author. Yet they are not the less famous in these days, and the one attraction of modern Schaffhausen. We went to see them, of course; and when we came in sight of a cascade, said to some one standing near, "What is this?" "The Rhinefall, to be sure; is it not wonderful?" "Are you sure it is the Rhinefall?" "Yes; why do you doubt it?" "It is not so large as I expected, and does not seem so very grand." There had been a smile on our face, which spoke even plainer than our words, that it appeared very insignificant. "But where can you find anything to equal it?" pursued the gentleman, who was

a German, from Russia. We answered very quietly, "We are from America." "Oh," answered he, and burst out laughing, "it is not so strange; but for me, I have seen nothing finer, though I have read of Niagara."

We were not so foolish as to expect a second Niagara, but we expected the Rhinefall to surpass all lesser ones, yet in this we were also disappointed. We have seen some that struck us as much finer, on the whole, even in Switzerland; yet it is the grandest they have in Europe, and is beautiful, as are all waterfalls. The greatest height is one hundred feet. The river alone is three hundred feet broad, and when the banks are full, the volume of water very large. It is certainly strange that it should not have been mentioned by those who wrote of the city in its early days.

There is a salmon fishing in the bay below, which belongs to the cloister Allenherlingen, and catching trout, a privilege which must be bought of the old monks who dwell there. They are said to be worth the price, and never to sell for less than twenty sous a pound.

Hunting is a privilege of the State, which they grant to all who will pay ten or twelve shillings for it; thus deriving an income from the forests of some hundreds of dollars every year.

This canton, as will be seen by the map, is a little circle almost surrounded by the Duchy of Baden. It is infinitely curious to observe the difference of the people, divided only by an imaginary line, and the problem which presents itself everywhere, and which we are never able entirely to solve, is here more intricate than in many other places, how these few people were able to throw off the yoke of foreign oppression, while those around them still groan under its burden. A French author, who wrote some thirty years since, said, in travelling along the borders, between Baden and Schaffhausen, that on one side the people looked thriving and happy; and on the other they were "covered with dirt, and half begged while the other half collected taxes!" They are a little improved from this picture since, but yet not very much. The taxes in Baden are nearly five times as great as in Schaffhausen, yet the people live by the same toil, and have the same resources. The rates of taxation, which we give on the next page, will show plainer than anything else the reason of the absence of that extreme poverty in Switzerland which is to be found everywhere else in Europe. Their Government machinery costs scarcely anything; for with them, as in America, no one expects to live by

a Government office, and there is no class of people supported in idleness by the toil of others.*

Schaffhausen was a great acquisition to the Confederacy, because of its position of defence, and as a post for the commerce of transit, and she has proved not less valuable in her fidelity to the spirit of the republic, and the support of its institutions. The greatest historian of Europe was a native of this little canton, and she has given many to the ranks of use-

* *Rate of taxation in different countries, in francs and centimes, a franc being a little less than tenpence, and five centimes equal to a halfpenny.*

	F. C.		F. C.		F. C.
Great Britain .	33 20	Sachs Weimer .	5 77		
France . . .	12 85	Kurhessen . .	5 47	Valois . .	1 60
Holland . . .	12 67	Hanover . . .	5 38	St. Gall .	2 3
Baden . . .	9 95	Wurtemberg .	4 76		
Prussia . . .	9 37			Neuchatel .	2 7
Darmstadt . .	8 75	Zurich . . .	2 35	Berne . .	2 54
Denmark . . .	8 70	Schaffhausen .	1 23	Basil Land.	2 63
Portugal . . .	7 73	Lucerne . . .	1 63	Soleure . .	2 98
Bavaria . . .	6 85	Argovia . . .	1 74	Vaud . . .	6 9

We give the expense of supporting the three governments of Zurich, Weimer, and Brunswick, states nearly of the same size and population. A thaler is about twenty cents less than a dollar.

	Zurich.	Weimer.	Brunswick.	
Court . . .		250,000	260,000	Thalers.
State Debt .	3,600	306,103	428,407	„
Military . .	122,000	153,325	315,287	„
Pensions . .	4,000	106,493	127,990	„
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	129,600	815,921	1,131,681	Thalers.

fulness and honour. Wagner is known as among the reformers scarcely less influential than Luther and Zwinglius, and the celebrated "Elegy of Folly," written by Erasmus, owed much of its spirit to the "Library of Fools," by Geiler, of Schaffhausen, who lived in the fifteenth century. There originated the first effort to instruct the deaf and dumb, in a treatise written by Annan, a physician and botanist, whose works are still read with interest.

The celebrated astronomical clocks of the cathedrals of Cologne and Strasburg were constructed by artists of Schaffhausen, and Mosier, sculptor and painter, was President of the Academy of Painting of Great Britain. Trippel, who studied at Copenhagen, Paris, and Rome, had Canova among his pupils, and was one of the first sculptors of his age. He died, 1775.

But the name of which they, and perhaps Switzerland is most proud, is Müller, who was for a long time almost their only historian, and who was honoured by every court of Europe. Having been professor of Greek many years in his own country, he was invited to Cassel and Berlin, and afterwards was sent as *diplomat* from Mayence to Rome. At Vienna he was created Chevalier of the Empire, and director of the Imperial Library. Napoleon constituted him Minister of State

at Westphalia, and Director of Public Instruction, and he was long the life and soul of several German universities. He died at Cassel, in 1809, where Louis of Bavaria has erected a monument to his memory. His birthplace was the humble home of a poor citizen of Schaffhausen. His maternal grandfather was *Pastor* Schoop, who collected a considerable library of history for those times; and one day, calling his little grandson into the room where they were, he said, "I have collected these books, and written these chronicles for you. Take good care of them, and read them attentively." The face of the boy lighted up with a new expression, and he exclaimed, "Grandpa, I wish also to write a book." The old man little dreamed how faithfully his treasures would be preserved and pondered on. At five years old he assisted at the nuptials of one of his parents, and mounting a chair, recited dramatically a portion of history in such a manner that all were enchanted. At nine years of age, he commenced the history of his native city.

When at Göttingen, a professor tried to detach him from his country, and the love of its free institutions, but he wrote to his father, "No, I will come back to live with you in the bosom of my country,

and beloved by friends of virtue. It is better to eat black bread, dipped in water, than commit one act unworthy of the nobility of our souls." When at Geneva, speaking of his household, he said, "My servants love me, accustomed as I am to despise no man, however humble. We are the children of one God, and pride is one of the greatest curses of humanity."

When he was writing his history, his brother wrote to ask why he was so slow in producing it? He said, "I must be sure that it is correct; there is not a chapter that I have not re-written many times, not a phrase which has not cost me many perusals in my chamber." Long years after it was finished, he was travelling among the people of the little cantons, and coming to the ruins of an old castle, he saw a peasant, and asked him what it was. The man immediately gave him the story, and when questioned as to its authority and authenticity, he exclaimed, "Have I not read it all in the history of Müller, of Schaffhausen?" All who would learn anything of Swiss history must read the same, as it is the standard and true record of the glory and the shame of his country.*

* Having decided to describe Switzerland by cantons, we found the most difficult part of the task to be a correct representation of each,

without indulging in repetition. Many of the most interesting things are common to all, much in the general life, customs, agriculture, and history are the same everywhere, but we confine ourselves entirely to that which differs in each, as the only way of presenting a complete idea of the whole. They cannot, therefore, be judged separately, though thus written. Together they form Switzerland, and like the parts of the body, each is necessary to the beauty and perfection of the whole, but a very indifferent and uninteresting object when standing alone. The country life and manners of Schaffhausen would in detail too much resemble those of Zurich and Argovie to allow of particular description.

END OF VOL. I.

